MIDWINTER BOOKS

William Saroyan • Edgar Snow • Frederick L. Schuman
Mark Gayn • Maxwell Geismar • Keith Hutchison • and others

THE *Nation*

February 27, 1954

20¢

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

By Bernard Nossiter

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Around the U.S.A.

The Old Fresno Magic

THE city of Fresno, almost equidistant from San Francisco and Los Angeles, has been the birthplace of the only successful popular political movements that present-day Californians have ever known. It was the home of Chester Rowell, leader of the Hiram Johnson Progressives in 1910, the central meeting ground of the Upton Sinclair EPICS in 1934, and the launching place of the C. F. P. U. (California Federation for Political Unity), which carried Culbert L. Olson into the governor's chair in 1938. Since then California has not been nourished by popular movements arising in Fresno —or anywhere else.

When the California Democratic Council was scheduled to meet in Fresno on February 6, it was assumed that, as usual, the James Roosevelt forces would dominate the meeting. Three days before it met, Mr. Roosevelt's untimely flair for epistolary reminiscence landed him on the nation's front pages. He did not attend the Fresno meeting and ultimately withdrew his candidacy for Congress.

The result was that the amateurs promptly took over the Fresno meeting and did such a good job that California now has its first chance in sixteen years to elect a Democratic governor. In the nominations they carried every office except that of the candidate to oppose United States Senator Thomas Kuchel, appointed by Warren to fill the Nixon vacancy. This nomination was given to Representative Sam Yorty, Los Angeles Democrat, who in 1939 was chairman of the state legislature's "Little Dies Committee." But the only reason that Yorty won was that the amateurs did not have any candidate against him.

The "amateurs" are the thousands of new people who have come into the Democratic Party in California during and since the Stevenson campaign. There were hundreds of brand new faces at Fresno, new voters who had just come of age or only recently come to California.

Richard Graves, who was the choice for governor, is the best-informed man on government in the state and will make a great campaign against reactionary Governor Knight. Having spent twenty years as executive secretary of the League of California Cities, a mutual-aid organization of which every one of California's hundreds of small incorporated cities is a member, he can appeal to a nucleus of supporters in all the fifty-eight counties. A lot of the Warren Republicans are also going to vote for Graves.

The hero of the convention was State Senator George Miller, Jr. He is the first Democratic leader in years who has not been trying to lead the people in his own direction. He was not a candidate for anything himself, but he was the man who induced Graves to make the race.

The choice of Edward Roybal, Los Angeles city councilman, for lieutenant governor was a stroke of genius. It will bring to a focus the drive to obtain participation for Mexican voters, a long-dormant political force.

The distinctive thing about the 1954 election, in addition to the absence of Warren's smooth-running leadership of the G. O. P., will be the fact that the state will have held the first primaries under the new rules. In November, 1952, the voters adopted a modified anti-cross-filing proposal which will require Republican cross-filers in the Democratic primary to carry the word "Republican" after their names. The old masquerade has thus been outlawed, and not many people who take the trouble to vote in the June 8 primary are going to vote for candidates of the opposite party. As a result, there will be run-offs in November for nearly all the contested offices. This will serve to bring out a much larger Democratic vote in an off-year gubernatorial election.

The California Democratic Party is ready to sail again with a new progressive crew. Most of the old patronage-hunting and pseudo-liberal barnacles dropped off in the fresh waters of Fresno. The old Fresno magic of unity may be at work once again.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Letters

The Wells Case

Dear Sirs: Wesley Wells, a Negro confined in California's San Quentin Prison, is sentenced to die April 9, 1954, because he threw a cuspidor which struck a prison guard named Brown. Brown was only slightly injured and reported back for duty in less than a week. Wells is to be executed under Section 4,500 of the Penal Code, which provides that a "life-termer" who commits an assault may be punished by death.

Two years and seven months before he threw the cuspidor Wells had been attacked by another prisoner brandishing a knife. Tipped off that he was to be attacked, Wells accepted a knife from a prisoner friend to defend himself with. For ten minutes Wells backed around the dining-room trying to talk the man out of fighting. He finally knocked the knife from his opponent's hand and then turned over his own knife to the guards. For this "possession of a knife" he was given a sentence of "five years to life." The trial judge acknowledged that there was some justification for Wells's possession of the knife and recommended the minimum term of five years.

But the District Attorney wrote to the Adult Authority urging that Wells's sentence be left indeterminate, so that he would in effect be serving life and thus be subject to the terms of Section 4,500. Seven months after the end of the two years during which the Adult Authority was required by law to fix sentence, Wells struck Brown with the cuspidor. For this he is sentenced to die.

Examination of the record shows that Wells was denied a fair trial. In the first place, an indeterminate sentence is not a life sentence. Judge Louis Goodman of the Federal District Court stated:

> The petitioner was not accorded due process under the Fourteenth Amendment when the death penalty was adjudged against him. By deliberate and designed inactivity . . . the Adult Authority of California kept the petitioner in an indefinite and indeterminate status for the

[*Continued on page 188*]

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THE Nation
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EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things

Egypt Astride Suez

Egypt's behavior in the Suez Canal dispute is a sorry augury of what may be expected from it in honoring international obligations once it is in full possession of the Canal Zone. Already the country is guilty of violating its obligation under the Suez Canal Convention to permit the free passage of ships through the canal in peace or in war, the 1949 armistice ban on a blockade, and the Security Council resolution of September, 1951, instructing it to terminate the blockade.

When the Security Council called for the end of the blockade, there was in existence an Egyptian decree of February 7, 1950, under which the customs officers at the canal were called upon to examine the manifests of all ships to make certain they did not contain war material or other goods considered to be contraband of war destined for "institutions or persons who reside in Palestinian territory under Zionist control." On November 24, 1953, Egypt widened the decree to include "foodstuffs and all other commodities which are likely to strengthen the war potential of the Zionists in Palestine in any way whatever." At its pleasure Egypt has been stopping, searching, and seizing cargoes of ships of every registry passing through the Suez Canal or the port of Aqaba bound for Israel.

In the face of this defiance the Security Council cannot afford to equivocate. For involved here is the protection of international obligations, the authority of the Security Council—and peace itself.

Iraq's Hostages

In the same pattern is Iraq's action on January 3, 1954, in seizing and holding three Israeli citizens, two of them women, following an emergency landing in Bagdad of a British plane bound for Tehran. The three are being held as nationals of "an enemy state." Efforts by the International Red Cross, international aviation authorities, several governments, and the secretary general of the U. N. to obtain their release have been unavailing.

The incident is the result of the absence of normal Israel-Arab relations and the courtship by the West of the Arab states which refuse to settle the Palestine war. The time has come for the Security Council to pick up the nettle called peace and to push for the end of the war. In the meantime, it must exercise its authority to end the practice of seizing hostages by producing the release of the three Israeli citizens.

A Wise Decision

At the conclusion of its recent four-day biennial conference with the national committee and representatives of the organization's eighteen local affiliates, the National Board of the American Civil Liberties Union adopted a resolution expressing its "grave concern" over current attacks on civil liberties and withdrawing the three policy statements which the local affiliates had by referendum urged the board to reject (see the editorial Time for Decision in *The Nation* of February 13). Thus while the board did not reject the three statements, which would have the effect of greatly weakening the A. C. L. U.'s principled position on civil liberties, neither did it attempt to veto the referendum by adopting them. This may be technically scored as a stand-off, but it was a wise decision none the less. For it means that the A. C. L. U. will not depart, for the time being at any rate, from its traditional position of safeguarding civil liberties with no enervating exceptions or tricky reservations.

The relief that we feel over this action must certainly be shared by every member of the A. C. L. U. and all others concerned with the preservation of the Bill of Rights. Regardless of what the future may bring, a majority of the National Board has acted wisely in adopting this first policy statement—on a national basis—since the A. C. L. U. came into being thirty-four years ago. Backed by the national committee and the affiliates, this majority obviously intends that the A. C. L. U. shall hold to its traditional position without any disastrous quibbles, qualifications, or concessions.

Outlook for Caracas

On the eve of the Caracas conference of American states, at which the Latin Americans are expected to plead for financial help, Washington has instructed its

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embassies to emphasize that such help should be sought through private investment rather than through government loans. That this policy is totally inadequate to meet Latin America's needs is made plain in Stephen V. Mitchell's article on page 172 of this issue. The needs are such as can be met only by loans made not for immediate profit but for long-term development—loans, that is, which promise slow returns, such as Export-Import Bank loans.

In this connection the *Journal of Commerce* points out that John M. Cabot, long a supporter of a more liberal lending policy for the bank, has been transferred from his post as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs to become ambassador to Sweden. This was no routine switch: Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey has expressed his opposition to Cabot's liberal views on Latin American economic policy. The pessimism with which most delegates are approaching the Caracas conference, as described by Mr. Mitchell, would appear to be justified.

G. M. and the General Welfare

Timed for the opening of its annual Waldorf-Astoria show of new car models, General Motors's announcement of a billion-dollar expansion program for 1954 and 1955 was greeted with a general enthusiasm tempered only by *Business Week's* comment that "elsewhere in the auto industry" there was less optimism.

Now a rather large cat has been permittted to escape from G. M.'s bag. "A General Motors representative," reports the *Wall Street Journal,* "hints that a good-sized share of its billion-dollar expansion outlay for 1954 and 1955 will go for more automatic equipment." The introduction of automatic processes is being greatly accelerated under the spur of tighter competition and the demand for lower costs. Among the new miracle gadgets that will soon appear in Detroit is a two-million-dollar machine-tool as long as a football field, operated by one man, which will punch out engine blocks at the fantastic clip of 100 an hour. Present methods require thirty-five to seventy-five workers for a similar production pace.

Hard on the heels of this jarring note comes a second piece of unpleasant intelligence. "To cut costs" the Big Three in Detroit are determined to take over from four-hundred-odd small-parts manufacturers many of the contracts and subcontracts for special parts. The small-parts manufacturers contend that they have been able in the past to stabilize employment more effectively than would be the case if this work were done by the big companies, since they are not entirely dependent on the automobile industry or on any one car manufacturer. They also contend that they have done more to advance functional design in the industry than have the big manufacturers. However this may be, it is clear that a new chapter is now

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opening. "Some smaller parts companies," the general manager of the Automobile Parts Manufacturers' Association is quoted as saying, "may fall by the wayside."

In view of these most recent glimpses into the motivation of G. M.'s widely publicized expansion program, it is by no means clear that "what is good for General Motors," as measured by a profit-and-loss statement, is necessarily good for the million or more workers in the automobile industry, the small-parts manufacturers and their employees, the "fourth group" of automobile manufacturers, or the whole complex of interests that prosper or suffer as employment is high or low in an industry that, with closely allied products, accounts nowadays for nearly 20 per cent of all retail sales.

Creeping Censorship

Creeping censorship at state level represents a growing threat to the publishing industry. In the summer of 1952 the Texas State Board of Education ruled that a publisher who submits a book for use in Texas schools must file a non-Communist affidavit. About the same time Governor Parsons of Alabama didn't like what "The Challenge of Democracy," a standard high-school textbook used in several states, had to say about segregation and F. E. P. C. The Alabama State Board of Education notified McGraw-Hill, the publisher, that the book would be banned unless the section was deleted. McGraw-Hill promptly complied, as was related in *The Nation* of September 13, 1952.

The end is not yet. Apparently emboldened by McGraw-Hill's quick retreat, the Alabama legislature passed a law, effective last month, which is designed to keep "subversive" texts out of the classrooms. In accordance with its provisions State Superintendent of Schools W. J. Terry has prepared the following statement which all publishers must stamp on the covers or print as inserts to make their books acceptable in Alabama's public schools:

> Publishers of this textbook or other written instructional material hereby certify that the author or authors thereof, and the author or authors of any book or writings cited herein as parallel or additional reading, is not a known advocate of communism or Marxian socialism, is not a member or ex-member of a Communist-front organization (as designated by the U. S. Congress or any committee thereof or the Attorney General of the United States).

Thus the test of "respectability" is extended to any author who may be quoted by an author, and the number of *verboten* organizations is enlarged from the Attorney General's list to include any that have incurred the censure of various Congressional character assassins. Past as well as present membership in any of these groups makes an author anathema in Alabama.

The major newspapers of the state, which were silent when the bill was introduced, have sounded a belated alarm. The Alabama *Law Review* published a critical article. But textbook publishers have yet to be heard from.

Defining the Issues

RECENT speeches by Mr. Truman, at the A. D. A. dinner meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and by President Eisenhower, to 7,500 Republican leaders assembled in the Uline Arena in Washington, as well as the running debate before the Joint Committee on the Economic Report, indicate if they do not define the issues of the 1954 Congressional campaign.

The major economic issue, which is likely to become the major political issue, centers in the question whether tax relief to encourage "investment spending" is a better means of curing the current "orthodox recession" than measures designed to increase consumption. The Republicans contend that the tax changes they favor—more leeway in writing off capital expenditures for new plant facilities, more flexible depreciation allowances, easing the double taxation of corporate dividends, more generous tax deductions for business research, and the like—are those best calculated to reverse the downward dip in the business cycle. The Democrats say that the emphasis on investment spending is, to quote Leon H. Keyserling, "excessively adjusted to the problems of some years ago" but not adjusted to 1954 conditions. It is not, they argue, a shortage of investment funds or any lack of profit incentives that has caused an over accumulation of inventories; quite the contrary. As Senator Fulbright pointed out in the debate on the President's Economic Report, "we can't consume what we are producing now. We have huge farm surpluses and now we are beginning to get excess automobile production." (Year-end inventories were piled $3,800,000,000 higher than at the close of 1952.) Carefully prepared, the Democrats made a good showing in the debate and will doubtless make effective use of the record in the campaign this fall.

There can be little doubt that the Democratic case has strong political appeal. Although Mr. Truman was speaking at the Waldorf-Astoria, he was addressing "the other side of the tracks," where most of the voters live, when he said that tax relief should be given "where it is needed most and where it will do the most good"; the tax relief proposed for working mothers, he showed, would amount to about $10,000,000, but the relief proposed for the collectors of corporate dividends would probably total more than a billion dollars—a ratio of 1½ to 150. If the "roll" in the current "rolling adjustment" continues much longer, the Democrats will be in an even

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stronger position, for it will then be too late for the Administration to reverse or supplement its policies in time to produce favorable results during the campaign. Even if the "roll" should level out, the normal time-lag between the occurrence of acts and events and the average voter's assimilation of their political meaning would put the Republicans in a difficult position. Of course if conditions should measurably improve in the near future, the Republicans would be able to point to prosperity and full employment and say "we told you so."

The Republicans are countering the charge of favoritism to big business and incompetence in economic management by saying that the Democrats are "political sadists" who by simply talking about a recession have produced one. The argument, which will have a familiar ring to those who remember Mr. Hoover's slogans in the 1930 campaign, is not going over very well even now and is certain to backfire with a vengeance if the recession continues.

ASIDE FROM A CEASE-FIRE in Korea, the Republican record is barren of major constructive achievements. It is because they realize the weakness of their record and fear that a real depression may be on the way that the Republicans are forced to lean so heavily on the phony issue of communism. The quickness with which Mr. Brownell tried to offset the effect of Mr. Truman's speech by a new charge that the F. B. I. has "many, many" more names in its bulging secret files on spies and such is the most obvious indication that the Republicans are worried and, in desperation, are "swinging wild." But there are other signs. For example, it is now late February and the Republicans have yet to find candidates to oppose Senator Humphrey in Minnesota (Representative Walter Judd, Governor C. Elmer Anderson, and Dr. Charles Mayo have, in that order, shied away, and Harold Stassen is now being given the "sweatbox" treatment), Senator Hunt in Wyoming, Senator Murray in Montana (stories abound that a $300,000 war chest is available for the brave man who will enter the lists against Senator Murray), or Senator Neely in West Virginia, while the candidates who have filed against Senator Paul Douglas in Illinois are an amazingly unappetizing lot. And this despite the fact that the Republicans have announced a willingness to spend $3,800,000 on the campaign.

Messrs. Brownell, Dewey, and Hall fear not only that the Democrats may capture control of Congress this fall; they also fear that their Know-Nothing rivals may emerge in control of the Republican Party. Doubtless the President is concerned about the tone the Republican campaign has taken, but he has apparently been told that he cannot risk splitting the party by a sharp repudiation of McCarthy even though it is clear that McCarthy intends to capture the party by splitting it. In any case, the evidence, as Walter Lippmann writes, "is very strong" that the use of McCarthy and Jenner "reflects a deliberate and high-level political decision." Once in outright control of the Republican Party, McCarthy and Company will of course attempt to destroy the Democratic Party. McCarthy wants a one-party system. "If the Democratic leadership is lying [about having knowingly placed Communists in government]," he said recently, "the Democratic Party should be removed from the political stage for all time to come."

The major weakness of the Democrats—aside from the fact that they have really not developed a program of their own—is to be found in their sensitivity on the "Communist" issue. To judge by recent speeches of Messrs. Symington and Rayburn, both clearly official party pronouncements, the Democrats intend to meet the charge of having been "soft on communism" by demanding an honest breakdown, by categories, of the 1,456, later boosted to 2,200, cases of government employees dismissed as "security risks." This is a good flanking maneuver and will win some votes among government workers; but it is essentially defensive—in legal parlance, a plea in confession-and-avoidance. Even Mr. Truman was on the defensive in his handling of this issue in New York. Moreover, there is something ludicrous in the spectacle of Democratic spokesmen, men with years of experience in rough-and-tumble politics, saying to a Republican President: If you don't keep your lieutenants from calling us nasty names like "political sadists" and "reds" we won't vote for your bills even if we like them.

Under the circumstances there is only one sensible thing for the Democrats to do, and sooner or later they will be forced to do it—or capitulate. As Thomas L. Stokes has pointed out, they should "accept battle on the overwhelming issue of the times, which is McCarthyism. Republicans are making that the issue. It could be one of the great debates of our history—a debate over our freedoms. . . . It would require courage of the Democrats, require them to take the long, historical look. Can they rise to the occasion?" At the moment the answer is no, but the Democrats may be forced to fight back sooner than they realize.

WHILE THE DEMOCRATS have objected to cuts in the appropriation for the air force and have been critical of the "new look" of the defense program, foreign policy is not likely to be an important factor in the campaign. Mr. Truman carefully avoided foreign-policy issues in his New York speech, and the Democrats have shown little disposition to raise them in Congress. But after nearly a decade of "bi-partisanship," there are signs of a rising partisan sentiment in Congress which might yet result in a clarification of methods and objectives in foreign policy. Nowadays a debate on domestic

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economic policy is likely to force a consideration of foreign economic policy and thus of foreign policy as a whole. For example, it is a little hard to see how a debate on the best methods of offsetting a recession in the American economy can fail to lead to a discussion of cold-war trade barriers and the chance of developing new markets in the so-called underdeveloped areas. The relevance to this debate of the fact that the federal government has between four and five billion dollars invested in huge stores of surplus farm commodities, some of which are in danger of spoilage, when according to CARE there are 500,000,000 men, women, and children in the world living at or near the starvation level, should be obvious even in a climate of opinion poisoned by years of incessant demagoguery and cold-war hysteria. Much as the orators of both parties would like to forget about it, some voters will want to know why the Secretary of Commerce should have blocked the sale of all surplus foodstuffs, including 150,000,000 pounds of surplus butter to the Russians—if accepted, the offer would have cut the government's butter stocks in half—at the world price, for hard cash. And there will also be voters who will insist that the preservation of the Bill of Rights—specifically the First, Fourth, and Fifth Amendments—should be discussed in the campaign.

Is this perhaps the first year of the "cold peace"? If so, then some of these other basic issues may emerge as the campaign gets under way.

Berlin to Geneva

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Berlin

THE conference ends with one major result: the agreement of the Big Four foreign ministers to hold a Far Eastern peace conference at Geneva beginning April 26—first on Korea, later on Indo-China. It is not a negligible accomplishment, especially when one bears in mind the growing anxiety with which Washington's shifting policy toward Indo-China is viewed on this side of the Atlantic. It is feared here that the sending of a "token" force of mechanics, followed by the offer of a mission to train the Vietnam forces, may only be a prelude to other kinds of aid—which might revive the nightmare of Korea.

The West Germans who exulted, in advance, that "the conference had one good effect: it brought the Western powers closer together and thus improved the chances of E. D. C. being ratified in Paris," will now have to temper their joy. Russia, by dropping its demand that Communist China be an initiating participant in the Far Eastern conference and by other concessions, has strengthened the argument of French opponents of ratification that negotiations may be possible later on if insistence on E. D. C. is not rigidly maintained.

The disappointment with regard to the Austrian treaty was the greater because the British delegation, in particular, had spread the impression that agreement on this point was perhaps the one good thing that could be expected from the conference. The Austrians had contributed to this mood of optimism by telling themselves that the Russian delegation would not want to appear intransigent on everything. Since the conference was doomed to impotence on the other main issues, Austria offered the Russians the logical opportunity for a gesture of conciliation.

In this spirit, Austrian Foreign Minister Figl played his hand with skill. But Mr. Molotov apparently did not feel like laying on the table one of his trump cards while his three Western colleagues were holding *their* trumps—German rearmament and E. D. C.—close to their chests. And so he tied the fate of Austria to that of Trieste and Germany. His repeated allusions to the need of preventing in the future any new *Anschluss* should be kept in mind for later reference. Many see in Mr. Molotov's tough handling of the Austrian problem an indication that since it had been impossible to reach a satisfactory agreement on Germany, the Soviets would prefer to maintain the status quo in Europe. In reply to this attitude Secretary Dulles concentrated his efforts on emphasizing that it was the Soviet government which was preventing the conclusion of the Austrian treaty.

SOME OF THE IDEAS presented at Berlin will survive the conference. Although the lack of objectivity marking the cold war excluded a realistic examination of their practical value at this time, they stirred widespread interest outside the conference room. This applies to Mr. Molotov's security plan for Europe, which in its audacity and sweep took the Western ministers by surprise. It was easily rejected by Messrs. Dulles, Eden, and Bidault, who were convinced that it was only another Soviet trick to defeat E. D. C. But comments of the European press and of some leading European statesmen suggest that the plan will continue to be discussed. For example the Manchester *Guardian* said that it should not be simply rejected without consideration, especially since Mr. Molotov had declared his readiness to amend it. Of course certain Europeans opposed so abrupt a passage from a situation in which American influence, as under the present NATO setup, is decisive, to one in which the United States would be reduced to the role of mere "observer." Still, they welcomed the idea that, under the proposed European treaty, nations not belonging to NATO might serve as a counterpoise to American predominance.

There are in the Molotov plan some proposals obviously unacceptable to the West, but it represents considerably more elasticity than previous Russian positions. As an example, Article 10 of the draft treaty stipulates that it does not in any way affect the validity of agreements

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between European countries "whose principles and aims conform to those of the present treaty." Mr. Molotov was even more explicit at the end of the conference. He went so far as to say that the Soviet Union was prepared to study the question whether his proposed security treaty was compatible with the Atlantic Pact. This could represent a major concession.

One conclusion can already be drawn from the conference. It is illustrated by the stalemate reached on the central problem—Germany: the United States and Russia have become so strong that neither is in a position to impose its will on the other. This applies to 1954. But is there any prospect in the coming years of the proportion of strength being modified to such a degree as to permit either one to exact an unconditional diplomatic surrender from the other? The United States is counting on the supposed growing antagonisms within the Communist world. Russia is counting on an economic crisis in the United States. But it is more than probable that neither Russia's nor America's difficulties are destined to become great enough to change fundamentally their foreign policy. Since both are so extremely powerful, the alternatives are to talk it out or fight it out. Berlin, even with its modestly favorable balance, has proved the advantages of talking, especially as it is now clear that it is only the first of a succession of conferences.

GANG BUSTER

White Knight in a Sulky . . . *by Bernard Nossiter*

AT THE height of New York's harness-racing scandals last fall Governor Dewey blandly said, "What I don't know about horse races would fill several books." This was a remarkable statement from a man famous for his iron grip on every state agency, including the Harness Racing Commission which licensed tracks.

Some of Mr. Dewey's close associates could have filled in the gaps of his knowledge. J. Russel Sprague, a Dewey manager since 1940 and until recently a Republican National Committeeman, knew enough to form a company that got a license and ran trotting meets without owning a track. His sophistication is also evidenced by his 4,000 shares in the profitable Yonkers Raceway. William F. Bleakley, Republican nominee for governor in 1936 and the power behind Westchester County's ruling machine, is not only a large stockholder in the Yonkers track, but board chairman and general counsel.

By now Dewey probably admits some acquaintance with the harness-racing set-up—an alliance among business men, politicians, racketeers, and dishonest labor leaders. He has been reminded that he signed a law in 1949 forbidding the transfer of harness-racing licenses, a measure aimed at the Tammany syndicate that had just bought the Yonkers track. And he has been informed that the Yonkers group got a license anyway, using Bleakley for mouthpiece. He has learned that workers at Roosevelt Raceway kick back over $300,000 a year to the labor boss who controls their jobs, that thirty-five ex-convicts were on the Yonkers payroll. (Nobody knows how many more work at the state's other tracks, but an ex-con wanted for a 1925 murder was turned up at Roosevelt.) Today Dewey knows that one raceway bought docile labor by paying "trouble shooters" $165,000 over four years, that a judge appointed by him cut into a program-printing concession, and that an ex-district attorney of Nassau County gets a slice of a food-and-drink concession.

The list of politicians with racetrack interests, still incomplete, contains chiefly Republicans, with a sprinkling of Democrats. The New York Senate's new majority leader and acting lieutenant governor, Walter J. Mahoney, had done legal work for one track and is director of a firm that handles raceway insurance. Norman F. Penny, a Sprague aide; George R. Fearon, a powerful upstate leader; the son-in-law of the chairman of the Public Service Commission; and Pat Provenzano, until recently assistant secretary of the Senate are large stockholders in trotting tracks. The daughter of the late Irwin Steingut, Assembly minority leader, is one of the Democratic stockholders; another is Nathan Herzfeld, one of the original Yonkers promoters who sold out to Roosevelt Raceway but retained, with his brothers, nearly 8 per cent of the non-voting stock.

Except in election years Dewey does not listen to the lower echelons in his administration. If he did, he might have heard that state-prison guards, sheriffs, deputies, and members of county liquor boards had night jobs at the tracks. Four hundred civil servants in Nassau County made extra money that way; one hundred and fifty New York City firemen and policemen worked at Roosevelt.

Even without these sources Dewey might have sniffed the harness-track odor after the Kefauver committee came to New York in 1951. George Morton Levy, general counsel and a large stockholder of Roosevelt, told the committee that when the Harness Racing Commission's late chairman complained about bookies, Levy said he would pay Frank Costello $60,000 to shoo them away. This was all right with the chairman, Levy testified, as long as the money came from his (Levy's) pocket. Joseph Henschel, a garment manufacturer and Tam-

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many figure, testified he had borrowed $150,000 from a former Lepke associate to start the Yonkers raceway. Henschel also touched on the track's license troubles. "Practically speaking," he said, "we were known, most of us, as Democrats and we had a Republican regime; and we felt God knows how long they would push us around until we could get it [a license], because the Racing Commission as a rule is appointed by the Republican governor." He left an inference that the license was obtained after a transfusion of Republican blood. Sure enough, despite the Dewey law, William H. Cane, contractor and ex-Republican member of New Jersey's Racing Commission, was permitted to transfer his Goshen license to Yonkers. Today Cane is president of the Yonkers Trotting Association and owns its voting stock.

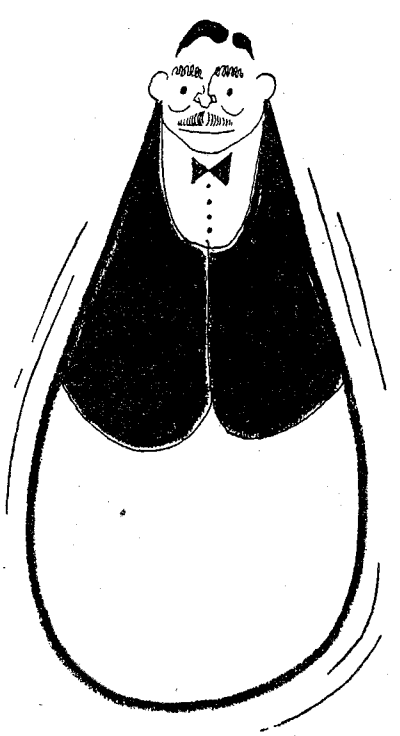
THIS ALL-STAR cast isn't fooling with a penny-ante game. Pari-mutuel betting and night racing drew 4,361,202 persons to watch the trotters last year, wagering $272,375,230. New Yorkers have seven tracks, of which the most important are Roosevelt Raceway at Westbury in Nassau County and Yonkers Raceway, north of the New York City line in Westchester. More than 2,000,000 people visited Roosevelt last year and left $10,224,573 with the operators from their bets alone. The operators keep about 8 per cent of the wagers. At Yonkers some 1,600,000 people gave the owners $8,420,491 from bets.

Roosevelt has been in business ever since the pari-mutuel law was passed in 1940. It lobbied to prevent Yonkers from getting a license in 1949, but today the two are interlocked. Roosevelt's track is owned by the Old Country Trotting Association, which also conducts meets. Old Country shares its dates with the Nassau Trotting Association, which bought Sprague's license. The Yonkers track is owned by the Algam Corporation, which after trying for eight months to get a license leased the grounds to the Yonkers Trotting Association. Algam, however, names two of Yonkers's five directors and takes more than half its profits. Old Country, in turn, owns more than half of Algam's voting stock. The tracks have many officers in common. Robert G. Johnson is an Algam director and president of Old Country; Alvin L. Weil is a director and executive vice-president of Algam and secretary of Old Country; Alfred Valentine is president of Algam and executive vice-president of Old Country.

Until its recent demise the Harness Racing Commission was charged with regulating the trotting tracks; it was empowered not only to issue meet licenses but to license track workers. A murder was needed to show how casually Governor Dewey's three non-salaried commissioners performed their task. Last August 28 a hired gunman shot and killed Thomas F. Lewis in the doorway of his Bronx apartment. Lewis, president of an A. F. of L. apartment-house workers' local, 32-E, had jurisdiction over Yonkers Raceway employees. His murder paralleled the Westchester slaying a year and a day earlier of John Acropolis, boss of a teamsters' local and Lewis's rival at Yonkers. Unfortunately, the Lewis killer was fatally wounded by a policeman at the scene, and both murders are still unsolved.

Lewis had many enemies. According to Yonkers officials, he decided who worked at the track, forced the hiring of ex-convicts, and named the "trouble shooters" who were paid to prevent strikes. On the side Lewis ran a lush insurance-brokerage business that milked his own union's welfare fund.

The Harness Commissioners were "surprised" at these goings-on. They admitted they did not meet more than once a month and never checked the business practices of the tracks they licensed. Anyway, they said, Pinkerton detectives were supposed to fingerprint Yonkers workers to protect the track from criminals. The head of Pinkerton's racing bureau passed the buck right back. He said he had suggested fingerprinting but the commission had ignored him. He could surely have insisted, however, since he is an Algam director. Yonkers spokesmen came up with the best answer: it was all Tommy Lewis's fault; he wouldn't let them fingerprint anybody.



The commission began a half-hearted inquiry, holding two secret hearings in mid-September. Locked-out reporters screamed loud enough for Dewey to hear, but they could have saved their breath. The commission, explaining it had "an obligation to racing," was sympathetically listening to Yonkers officials tell how Lewis had maltreated them.

MORE THAN three weeks after Lewis was killed, Dewey made his first headline move. He suspended the Yonkers license six days before the start of its fall meet—it was restored after four racing nights were lost—ordered the Harness Commission to open its hearings, told the Insurance Department to probe the welfare fund of Local 32-E and Lewis's insurance agency, and told the Tax Commission to ferret out extortion. He did nothing about Roosevelt, which still had four racing days left. Although Old Country owns Algam, the Governor said there was "no reason to visit on them any punishment for the evils that have befallen Yonkers." He decried charges that the Harness Commission was hiding the tracks' real owners. That is a matter "of public record," he said, conveniently forgetting that only licensed associations file stockholder lists. Thus Algam, which leases Yonkers but runs no meets, had never filed one. Published lists, moreover, do not show the owners of shares held in the name of lawyers and brokerage firms. Finally, Dewey came out with the theme he still sings, "Yonkers Raceway has been the victim of vicious labor racketeering."

This first play laid the groundwork for his subsequent strategy: blame the crooked labor leaders and limit the disclosures as much as possible. Even his call for an insurance investigation had a hollow sound. Weeks earlier his Insur-

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ance Department had said it was checking the Lewis firm; the Manhattan district attorney began his probe of racketeering in union welfare funds last spring.

The Harness Commission finally held the open hearing Dewey had ordered—a tame affair that raked over the Lewis-Acropolis rivalry. A second public hearing was set for September 28, but William F. Bleakley, counsel for Yonkers, said he would call no witnesses, and the commission canceled its session.

AT THIS POINT Dewey's attempt to give Roosevelt and the other tracks a clean bill blew up in his face. The *World-Telegram and Sun* broke the story of wholesale shake-downs at Roosevelt. Track employees said they kicked back $16 a week to William C. DeKoning, boss of the A. F. of L. Long Island building trades for twenty years. Every Friday night they lined up at DeKoning's Labor Lyceum Bar and paid for the privilege of their jobs. The bar is next door to a ten-room mansion with swimming pool, DeKoning's home. During the off season, workers said, they were expected to patronize the bar, sell advertising for DeKoning journals, and buy tickets for parties. The *World-Telegram* conservatively estimated DeKoning's annual take at $345,000.

DeKoning's control of hiring and firing at Roosevelt, alleged to be a gift from George Morton Levy, is exercised through two track-worker unions. For a long time he was president of the A. F. of L. Central Trades and Labor Council on Long Island but announced his retirement when a crime committee began looking in his direction. He has kept his finger in the pie, however, through a son and nephew who are union officers. With his wife, it has been brought out, he owns 8,200 shares in Old Country, 350 in Yonkers Trotting, and 1,000 in Nassau Trotting. His lawyer claims DeKoning has been maligned. Roosevelt track workers are simply members of the Mule Club, he says, which meets at the Labor Lyceum. They join voluntarily and, besides, the *World-Telegram* exaggerates: members pay only $6 for parties if they go stag, $12 a couple.

With scandal succeeding scandal, the Harness Commission engaged a special counsel, John T. Cahill, a Democrat and former United States Attorney. Cahill drew up a searching questionnaire designed to smoke out all the hidden track interests, kickbacks, and shake-downs. This was too much for the commissioners, who wrote Dewey a tearful letter asking out. The Governor obliged and with great fanfare appointed a three-man commission under the state's Moreland Act to start a new probe. This commission was given a broad charter to dig into all the records of track licensees, lessors, and concessionaires. Dewey ordered them to find all the owners, open and hidden, to investigate hiring practices, criminal interests, and pay-offs, and to suggest new rules and a new administrative agency for the business. Finally, he asked them to determine whether the tracks' share of the betting take should be reduced.

For commissioners Dewey chose three respected attorneys—a Republican chairman, a Democrat, and an independent. But a close look at their background is interesting. The chairman, Bruce Bromley, is a Wall Street lawyer who co-managed the campaign of the Republican nominee for mayor in New York City. The Democrat, John F. Brosnan, had been the partner of a lawyer who is now Sprague's partner and is still "of counsel" to Brosnan's firm. The independent, George Trosk, is a friend of Dewey's who once ran on the Republican line for a judgeship. According to a Democratic Assemblyman, the Moreland commissioners "are under the thumb of Governor Dewey . . . have received favors from him in the past and look for favors from him in the future."

Appointment of the new commission killed the Cahill questionnaire just as it was about to be mailed, but a new one was drawn up and sent out. Crates full of track records have been received at the commission's office on lower Broadway. Now four months old, the Moreland Commission has not yet filed a report and has held only two sets of public hearings, both on interesting but secondary matters. Just before the November elections it heard Norman F. Lent, a Nassau County judge appointed by Dewey, explain how he got himself dealt into a company that controlled the program-printing concession at Yonkers and Roosevelt but printed no programs. Judge Lent said he sold out with a 140 per cent profit when he learned one of his partners was William DeKoning. Commissioner Trosk called the deal a "kickback" and the sale a "stranglehold," but Chairman Bromley said the commission would not judge Lent's actions. That was up to Nassau voters. In a smashing tribute to Sprague's machine, Nassau returned Lent to office. The commission also asked DeKoning about his cut from Stevens, but it did not call Sprague.

The second set of hearings came in mid-December. The commission heard that the late Tom Lewis had formed an insurance-brokerage firm which got 15 per cent commissions from insurance companies for placing health- and welfare-fund business with them. The Lewis outfit also picked up 15 per cent plus fat fees for administering his local's welfare fund. Moreover, Lewis induced ten other unions to buy fund insurance through him, sweetening his sales appeal with kickbacks to their officers. Among those tempted, for $13,650, was Joseph J. Delaney, an official of an A. F. of L. operating engineers' union. Two days after this disclosure Delaney resigned from the state Labor Department's advisory committee. He had been one of two labor representatives appointed by Governor Dewey.

The commission, be it noted, did not call Bleakley, although he might have shed light on the insurance racket. Bleakley turns up as a director of the very company that wrote an $8,000,000 group life policy for Local 32-E. An expert figured the Lewis agency overcharged 32-E's fund in all at least $275,000.

WHILE THE Moreland Commission was traveling down these fascinating side roads, other events were shifting attention from the tracks. The day after Arthur H. Wicks, Republican majority leader, was sworn in as acting lieutenant governor and president pro tem of the Senate, his name appeared on a list of visitors to the jailed labor racketeer Joseph S. Fay. Fay is credited with promoting the careers of both DeKoning and Delaney. Dewey growled his displeasure at public officials who visited Fay, transferred him to a remote prison, and demanded that Wicks resign every post but his Senate seat. When Wicks refused, Dewey called a special session of the Legislature to consider, not harness tracks, but Wicks. The Legislature, displaying surprising resistance to

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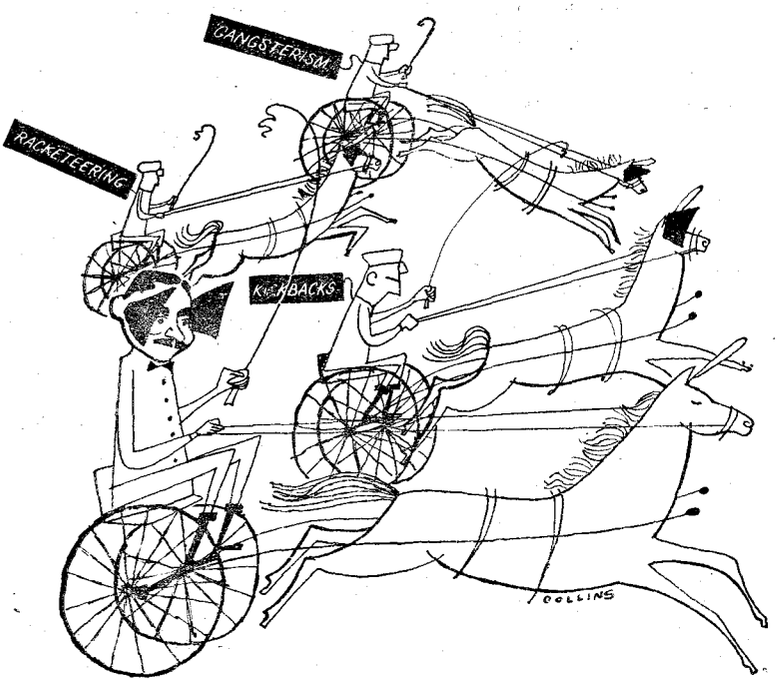

The Misplaced Blinders

Dewey, permitted Wicks to preside over its two-day session. When it adjourned, Wicks resigned.

A side show Dewey did not stage turned attention back to the trotters. Yonkers citizens began to complain that the Governor's Thruway Authority had laid out a highway route smack through a business and residential section. The road could have run in a straight line through some parks; instead, just north of New York City it took a sharp loop to the east. This loop would dump New York City traffic, toll free, at the door of Yonkers Raceway.

Dewey was luckier with a national drama that pushed trotting stories to inside pages. On November 6 the Governor's closest political ally, Attorney General Brownell, opened up the White case. Many believe the harness scandals rather than Republican election defeats accounted for Brownell's timing.

With the pressure off, Dewey was again free to make bold bids for a racket-buster's role. Without waiting for the Moreland Commission's report he announced the appointment of a salaried harness-racing czar. He picked George P. Monaghan, New York City's outgoing police commissioner, who had once run a Dewey probe of the Democratic machine in Albany. Monaghan had been assisted by Trosk in that investigation. The czar, said Dewey, will serve as a fourth Moreland commissioner and will have "complete power in all respects to control the stockholders, officers, and managers, those who work at the tracks." However, the bill he sent to the Legislature and signed last month gives Monaghan money but not much more power than the Harness Racing Commission had. The czar's authority is extended to lessors like Algam. He can deny licenses to corporations whose chief stockholder, officers, or directors have a criminal past; but so could the commission.

WHILE THE Monaghan appointment may make no practical difference in the supervision of harness tracks, it can be regarded as Dewey's master stroke. The Governor has said repeatedly that the tracks could not reopen this spring until the Moreland Commission reported. It now appears that the commission can at best file only an interim report by the normal opening dates. If Dewey holds to his pledge, the tracks will lose money and the state will lose revenue from its tax on the betting take. This would upset Dewey's delicate budget-balancing act, one of his big selling points. Monaghan can rescue him from the dilemma. If the czar issues trotting licenses, satisfied that the tracks are clean, Dewey will be off the hook.

Dewey has had a few other unhappy moments, however. In September the Republican state chairman, William L. Pfeiffer, resigned his post. Two months later he was hired by the flat-racing tracks for $30,000 a year to get them a larger share of their betting handle. He succeeded the ubiquitous Mr. Bleakley. Pfeiffer also became a lobbyist for a group of engineering firms, a job once held by Sprague. Dewey, momentarily embarrassed, muttered, "A private citizen has a right to do what he pleases."

But when the Legislature convened in January, Dewey reappeared as the earnest crusader and called for a committee to write a code of ethics. He wants this body, he said, to define proper activities for government and party officials. "The people are entitled to know," he declaimed, "that no genuine conflict of interests exists among their public servants." This demand has earned Dewey editorial plaudits and has not cost a single politician a single share of track stock.

Even better, Dewey righteously turned down Pfeiffer's plea for more money for the flat tracks. Actually, the flat tracks have a legitimate grievance. By another of those strange quirks in the state law they are limited to about one-half the bite of the betting handle permitted the harness tracks. However, this disparity may soon end. In another shrewd move Dewey said he was asking the Legislature for an extra $25,000,000 to aid schools. He hopes the money will be obtained by increasing the state's share of the betting take at the trotting tracks.

Six months after Tommy Lewis's murder blew the lid off harness racing there has been a lot of shouting and little accomplished. In Westchester, the Republican District Attorney has said he has found nothing indictable. In Nassau, the Republican District Attorney has indicted DeKoning and some of his labor hirelings three times, once a month last fall. Judge Lent provided a clue to this action when to prove he could not knowingly be associated with DeKoning he told the Moreland Commission the labor boss was feuding with the Republican organization. There have been a few resignations. Sprague relinquished his national committeeman's post but is still Nassau leader; Pat Provenzano, president of an upstate track, is no longer assistant secretary to the state Senate; Wicks has been replaced by Senator Mahoney.

Just how the harness scandals have

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affected Dewey's political future is uncertain. He has managed to appear noble without disturbing the fundamental relationship among racketeers, politicians, and business men. He has declared open season on wayward labor leaders, and perhaps a few will go. As late as December, Dewey was still saying, "The great scandal to my mind is that hoodlums have been able to form labor unions and dictate who should be hired and fired at the tracks." Some Albany correspondents think the Governor is running for a fourth term in 1954. They say he has never been nicer to newsmen and is about to throw a few wage bones to civil servants. Dewey is still believed to have the Presidential bug, and he knows that to control New York's delegation to the 1956 convention he must be governor again. If he wins reelection, after brushing off the harness-tracks scandal with a few passes in the air, he deserves to be rated a notch or two above Merlin.

G. I. JOE, M. D.

Those Doctor Privates . . . *by Laurent B. Frantz*

AT PARKS Air Force Base a master sergeant was recently disciplined for being disrespectful to a private. The incident illustrated the confusion generated as military men, trained to strict respect for rank, attempt to adjust their reflexes to the new type of personnel in the armed forces—men who have the rank of privates, the responsibilities of officers, and an ill-defined and shifting authority falling somewhere in between. Prominent among these are the "doctor privates," many of whom are being subjected to social and economic penalties for having exercised rights guaranteed them by the fifth article of the Bill of Rights.

The "doctors' draft" act was passed in 1950 to meet the complaint of the armed services that they were unable to obtain an adequate number of professional medical volunteers. Under it Selective Service administers a priority system for all doctors under fifty-one. Those upon whom the lot falls are offered commissions, which most of them accept, since the alternative is to be drafted as a private. However, a few doctors have chosen to exercise their undisputed privilege to withhold the information called for in the armed-forces loyalty oath and have therefore been denied a commission and drafted as privates.

One of them is Dr. Robert M. Peck, twenty-seven, a native of Canton, Ohio, educated in Los Angeles. Dr. Peck is "attending surgeon" at Parks Air Force Base Hospital, Pleasanton, California, where his patient visits have run as high as 599 a month. Recently, after six months at Parks, he was promoted to airman second class, the equivalent of corporal, a dizzy eminence of rank to which few non-signers have been able to attain. Dr. Peck lives in Berkeley, thirty-five miles from the base, with his wife and two small children. His pay, with allowances, comes to about $245 a month. If he held commissioned rank commensurate with his responsibilities, he would be drawing about $650 a month. In private life he made $13,000 a year.

The oath required of men inducted into the armed services was not Dr. Peck's first experience with a loyalty oath. He signed one to obtain his internship at Los Angeles County Hospital in 1949. Subsequently he was called on the carpet and confronted with the fact that while a student at the University of Southern California—where he was president of the senior class—he had been chairman of an open student meeting held to protest the burning of a cross in front of a Jewish fraternity. Robert Kenny, then attorney general of California, and several prominent ministers addressed this gathering. Some people thought, however, that it had been organized by American Youth for Democracy, which later made the Attorney General's subversive list, and young Peck's connection with the meeting was brought up as at variance with his loyalty oath. This little tempest blew over, but it made Dr. Peck do a lot of thinking about the nature and function of loyalty oaths, and he decided never to sign another.

When his name was reached in the doctors' draft, Dr. Peck was sent a commission as first lieutenant in the air force. Accompanying the acceptance form, which he was to sign and return, was a three-page "loyalty certificate" listing 192 organizations which have fallen under the Attorney General's ban. The recipient was requested to state, under oath, whether he had ever been a member of, or employed by, any of these; whether he had ever "attended or been present at formal or informal meetings or gatherings"; whether he had ever "attended, been present at, or engaged in organizational or social activities or activities which they sponsored"; whether he had ever "sold, given away, or distributed written, printed, or otherwise recorded matter published by them"; and whether he had ever "been identified or associated in some other manner" with any of them. But he was permitted by the instructions to answer "federal constitutional privilege is claimed," and that was what Dr. Peck did. For six weeks, while his papers were being processed, he was a first lieutenant. He was then discharged and drafted as a private.

Before his induction Dr. Peck had been attached for six months to the Black Mountain Clinic in Kenvir, Kentucky. This clinic is supported by the Welfare Fund of the United Mine Workers and supplies the only medical service available to the miners and their families in a company town in Harlan

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County. Five hundred miners signed petitions asking that Dr. Peck be deferred for a brief period until someone could be found to take his place, and both the union and the coal company joined in the request, but nothing was accomplished.

MATERIAL ON about a dozen similar cases has been collected by an informal committee in California known as the California Committee to Prevent Abuse of the Doctor Draft Law. Most of these have come to the committee's attention almost by accident. Probably only the Pentagon knows how many more there are. Here are a few of those known to the committee.

Dr. Stanley Orloff, New York psychiatrist, was first assigned to duty as a laboratory technician. After he took his case to court, he was employed as a psychiatrist but under special restrictions sharply limiting his usefulness.

Dr. Eugene B. Levin, a private, is ward physician at Letterman Army Hospital, teaches residents and interns, and has charge of the arthritis clinic, which serves many army and air-force hospitals in northern California.

Dr. Herbert L. Nelson, a thirty-seven-year-old Seattle dentist, did not claim his constitutional privilege but answered the questionnaire and disclosed that for a brief period thirteen years earlier he had been a member of the Communist Party. Although he had been twice rejected for military service in World War II for physical reasons, he was sent through infantry basic training and became a private at Camp Pickett, Virginia. Two weeks ago the fourth Federal Circuit Court of Appeals ordered the army either to release Dr. Nelson or to give him a commission. The decision explicitly stated that the army had no right to hold him as an enlisted man.

Dr. Seymour Krauth, another dentist, was drafted into the navy after five years of practice. He is said to be the only draftee in the navy. He has been assigned primarily to cleaning teeth, sterilizing instruments, and similar duties which are ordinarily done by non-professional personnel.

When the doctors' draft law was first urged, it was charged with being discriminatory in that it made the members of one profession subject to the draft until the age of fifty-one although other men were exempt after twenty-six. The charge was countered by the statement that doctors were the only group automatically assured of commissions. To allay anxiety on this score, the American Medical Association and the American Dental Association sponsored amendments expressly guaranteeing commissions for all doctors taken. Both associations withdrew their proposals after repeated assurances from representatives of the armed forces that this would be the policy.

Yet when Dr. Stanley Orloff went to court in the first test case under the new law, the army at first contended that doctors need not be commissioned and also that it was free to use them in any capacity it pleased, not excluding dishwasher. When the Orloff case reached the Supreme Court, the army backed down, and the court held, without dissent, that "to separate particular professional groups from the generality of the citizenry

and render them liable to military service only because of their expert callings and, after induction, to divert them from the class of work for which they were conscripted would raise questions not only of bad faith but of unlawful discrimination." But it also held, over the dissent of Justices Black, Douglas, and Frankfurter, that the law as it then stood did not require the army to choose between commissioning a drafted doctor and discharging him.

Since the Supreme Court decided the Orloff case, Congress has amended the act, which now provides: "Notwithstanding . . . any other provision of law, any person liable for induction under the act . . . shall, under regulations prescribed by the President, be appointed, reappointed, or promoted to such grade or rank as may be commensurate with his professional education, experience, or ability." In view of this amendment a number of doctor privates have renewed their applications for commissions, but the armed forces appear to be ignoring the law. The California Committee to Prevent Abuse of the Doctor Draft Law is financing a test case in San Francisco in which Dr. Levin is demanding his release from the army on the ground that under the new law the armed forces are not authorized to hold any medical draftees whom they are unwilling to commission.

THE CONTINUING and expanding use of the Attorney General's list has ironic angles. The Supreme Court held nearly three years ago that the Attorney General may not condemn an organization as subversive without giving it prior notice of the charges against it and an opportunity to defend itself. None of the 192 organizations have been finally adjudged subversive in any such proceeding, but draftees are required to swear they have never had even an informal or social connection with any of them for any purpose. In effect, the doctor draftees are required to have reached the same conclusions regarding the political aims of these organizations as were laid down by the Attorney General by personal decree, and they are required, in most cases, to have reached these conclusions long before the Attorney General did.

A notable feature of most of these cases is that the doctor privates, since the Supreme Court's Orloff decision, have precisely the same responsibilities and access to precisely the same information that they would have if commissioned. The continued discrimination against them with regard to rank and pay cannot by any stretch of the imagination contribute anything to "security." What, then, is it for?

Justice Black, dissenting with Justices Douglas and Frankfurter in the Orloff case, suggested an explanation: "This record indicates to me, however, that Dr. Orloff is being held in the army not to be used as a medical practitioner but to be treated as a kind of pariah in order to punish him for having claimed a privilege which the Constitution guarantees. . . . This whole episode appears to me to be one of a too rapidly increasingly number to which Americans in a calmer future are not likely to point with much pride."

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INVISIBLE DELEGATE

The Peon at Caracas . . . *by Stephen V. Mitchell*

Mexico City

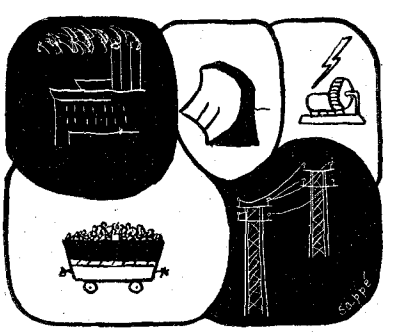
REPRESENTATIVES of the twenty-one members of the Organization of American States will gather next week at the University of Caracas in Venezuela for the tenth Pan-American Conference. As a friendly gesture toward the host, Venezuelan dictator Colonel Marcos Perez Jiménez, it has been agreed to drop almost all controversial "human rights" items from the proposed agenda. But there is no way to soft-pedal the economic items which to the Latin American delegations constitute the explosive core of the conference program. In most of these debates the United States is likely to find itself standing almost alone against a united Latin world. [See The Peril Is Not Red by Flora Lewis, in *The Nation* of February 13, for a discussion of the Communist issue at Caracas.]

Intimations of the mood in which the South Americans will approach the conference were given as early as the spring of 1952, when Hernan Santa Cruz, for many years chief Chilean delegate to the United Nations, told a Florida audience that the time for treating Latin America as a mere "reservoir of raw materials" was long past and pleaded for constructive economic help from the United States. He warned that "the countries of Latin America are beset with problems similar to those facing the peoples of Asia and Africa—scant economic development and ethnic multiplicity." The warning was aimed at the State Department, which is aware of what has happened, and is happening, in Asia.

Other South American spokesmen have echoed Santa Cruz. Fernando Berckemeyer, Peruvian ambassador to the United States, sharply criticized United States trade policies in a speech last fall before the Foreign Trade Association in New York. A few days later Jose R. Chiriboga, the Ecuadorian ambassador, commenting on Milton Eisenhower's report on Latin America, put the issue in sharper terms: "Our nations need neither submarines nor atomic weapons to defend our free institutions. . . . We need more than anything else economic, technical, and cultural assistance."

Mexico's former Foreign Minister, Ezequiel Padilla, whose friendship for the United States has never been questioned, wrote recently: "There cannot be any pan-American plan satisfactory to Latin America without a constructive solution to the problem of production and markets. . . . The growth of the purchasing power of the Latin American masses would redound to the advantage of the United States." Padilla asked concretely for the establishment of an inter-American bank to assist in the development of the economic resources of the continent, for an increased flow of "enlightened" United States investments in Latin America, and for concerted action on the whole economic front at the Caracas conference.

Neither Padilla's suggestions nor the complaints of his confrères are anything new. In one form or another they have dominated three of the four most recent Pan-American conferences—at Mexico City in 1945, at Bogotá in 1948, and at Washington in 1951. Only at Rio de Janeiro in 1947 were economic issues set aside on the insistence of Secretary of State Marshall, who wanted to devote the conference exclusively to military and political matters. The inability of the Latin American countries to get anywhere with their complaints at three previous international conferences will add to their sense of urgency now.



IT WAS at Mexico City in 1945, at the so-called Chapultepec conference, that the economic battle lines were drawn between the United States and the other republics. Washington asked the conference "to work for the elimination of economic nationalism in all its forms," which meant in effect that all protective trade barriers should be eliminated and that the United States' private investments should be fully guaranteed. The Latin Americans proposed instead that practical measures should be adopted to increase production and promote industrialization in the underdeveloped countries of the region. Peru, anticipating Padilla by nine years, suggested the establishment of a pan-American institution modeled upon the International Bank of Reconstruction and Development to finance "economic development" and help dispose of surpluses in "permanent" markets. In the end the conference adopted an Economic Charter of America, a document which John C. Campbell, in his book "The United States in World Affairs, 1945-1947," described as "rather vague." The introduction to this book, incidentally, was written by John Foster Dulles.

At Bogotá in 1948 the Latin Americans asked the United States for direct government-to-government loans for economic development, the creation of an Inter-American Development Corporation, and the opening of United States markets to Latin American goods. Secretary Marshall responded with a promise that $500,000,000 in international funds would be put at their disposal. The offer was not received with wild cheers; the Latin Americans, according to newsmen present, "were thinking in terms of billions rather than millions." Bogotá wound up with the adoption of an Economic Agreement which Mr. Campbell, in a later volume, said left unresolved

STEPHEN V. MITCHELL is the pseudonym of a veteran reporter on Latin American affairs.

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"the basic conflict of philosophies and policies" between the United States and its sister republics.

The Washington conference of 1951, attended by the foreign ministers of the American republics, took place after the outbreak of war in Korea, when speculation in raw materials was at its peak. The United States demanded the stepping up of military and political preparations for World War III, which it then feared might be imminent. "Yes, but—" responded the Latin Americans. The New York *Times* said of the conference:

> It was the economic issues which caused the most trouble. Throughout the meetings the United States tried to persuade the Latins to scale down their demands for American aid on the ground that inflation is already a grave threat in this country. . . . The Latins tried to persuade the United States to give them hard guaranties of continued markets—beyond the present emergency—for their goods, priorities for their needs, protection against high prices, technical aid for their industrial projects.
>
> The economic resolutions finally approved did not satisfy the Latin nations, but there was a feeling at least that the United States had demonstrated that it was aware of their needs and would take them into consideration.

Recently the South Americans met defeat in another international forum in which they have been pressing for some kind of development fund. A few months ago the United Nations General Assembly approved by a vote of forty-four to nothing a resolution backed by the United States which called upon member states "to stand ready to ask our people, when sufficient progress has been made in internationally supervised disarmament, to devote a portion of the savings achieved through such disarmament to an international fund, within the framework of the United Nations, to assist development and reconstruction in underdeveloped countries." Six countries abstained and ten others were absent when the vote was called. Approval of the resolution meant large U. N. funds for underdeveloped countries until the East-West split was healed.

The internal pressures which from the first have prompted Latin American demands are steadily increasing. The social tensions and the intense nationalism are the result of poverty engendered by a stagnating economy. One of the weakest spots is food production. The U. N. Food and Agriculture Organization has pointed out that the per capita food output in 1952 was 6 per cent below prewar levels; an increasing population and the slow drain on agricultural manpower caused by industrialization are combining to make the masses as hungry as they have ever been.

In one country after another ambitious development plans have stalled for lack of capital. Nine post-war years of feverish economic activity, characterized mostly by insufficient or totally lacking government planning, have exhausted whatever "get-rich-quick" capital was available. The continued development of countries like Mexico, Brazil, and Uruguay, where industrialization has started, necessitates the kind of investment in transportation, harbor expansion, and electrification which private capital is unwilling to make and governments cannot afford. The basic facts have been reported by practically every mission of experts that has visited Latin America in recent years.

DESPITE all attempts to diversify its foreign trade since the war, the region's commercial lifeline still runs to the United States. That is why the Latin Americans persist in looking to their big neighbor for help, why mere talk of an economic depression in the United States creates near-panic in many South American capitals, and why the chief United States "devil" for these people is not Senator McCarthy but Representative Simpson, who carries the ball for high tariffs in the United States Congress.

The "Yanquis" of course are well aware of these attitudes. It is interesting that two prominent North Americans, speaking five years apart, used almost identical language on this point. In 1948 Norman Armour, then Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, said at the Bogotá conference:

> [Latin Americans] keenly feel that in our plans to help meet the needs of other parts of the world we have given too little thought to theirs. It has been said that their dissatisfaction over the degree of the United States assistance to them has led to a deterioration in their relations with the United States.

In 1953 Milton Eisenhower, returning from his tour of South America, reported:

> Latin Americans hold a persistent feeling that the United States could if it wished have made substantial sums for development available to them when it was providing billions for the rest of the world. This feeling is enhanced by the fact that Latin America does not seek financial grants but rather loans to satisfy its driving demand for broad and immediate economic development.

Whether any practical action will be taken by the United States delegation at Caracas is the dominant question here. That it will bring reports, many of them couched in extremely friendly language, is taken for granted. There will be Milton Eisenhower's report giving an accounting of the Import-Export Bank's activities for the last five years, Harold Stassen's statement that Point Four operations in Latin American countries will not be curtailed, and the anti-protectionist document prepared by the Randall committee. But the Latin Americans are less interested in reports than in binding commitments which will enable them to plan for the future. How crucial the coming years will be for them and for the United States was summed up recently by Ray Vicker of the *Wall Street Journal* after he had made a three-month tour of South America:

> Seeds of a new kind of revolution are sprouting throughout Latin America and the harvest may be a bitter one for the United States. Revolutions as such, of course, are commonplace. . . . But most upheavals of the past consisted of one group of "haves"—a clique of landowners or army officers, for example—seizing power from another group of "haves." The peon at the bottom—the "have-not"—was often untouched by these violent changes of government. What's brewing today is different; it's have-nots against haves.

The peon will be the invisible delegate at the Caracas conference.

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MIDWINTER BOOK SECTION

Eugene O'Neill . . *by Montagu Slater*

A WRITER survives not only in his works but in his heirs; and if now we look, first, at the complete body of Eugene O'Neill's work and then at the literary landscape, we shall notice perhaps with some surprise how many heirs he has. How much his stage children take after him! His "Diff'rent" is Tennessee Williams to the life—but this is a thirty-year-old play. His drummer in "The Iceman Cometh" runs strange rings round Arthur Miller's salesman. The other impression that sticks is of an oddly dream-like verbal continuity from his first play to his last. A parody of Fitzgerald in one of the early plays gives us the title "Ah, Wilderness!" of one of the last. Favorite turns of phrase —"It scared years off my growth" is one of them—recur like a composer's motifs and begin to seem like clues. We are watching a dramatist create his own style, and in doing so he has to create a language to be shared by a diversity of characters. His characters, like Shaw's, turn up from play to play, sometimes changing their names, sometimes not. For instance, Yank, the sailor, who dominates the early one-acters—"Moon of the Caribbees," "Bound East for Cardiff," and "The Long Voyage Home"—comes to a melodramatic end in "The Hairy Ape." Yank doesn't change his name in this quartet. One of these days I'd like to see a producer give us a suitably mammoth O'Neill evening by putting on all four in a row. Given a couple of slight continuity links, they would cohere wonderfully.

And Yank repays study. It is a significant weakness in O'Neill that in thirty-two plays there are so few memorable characters. Yank is the exception. Yank is the O'Neill man, and a portent. With all his true strength and his forcible feebleness, Yank is surely the first of the tough guys. If I am right and O'Neill invented the type, he has a lot to answer for, not only in the theater but at the bar of American and, indeed, of world literature. O'Neill is the dramatist of man reduced to the deadliest simplicity—atomic man. It needs no masterpiece of detection to discover that his characteristic story shape is what psychologists call a fugue: a flight—from what? In "The Hairy Ape," as also in "The Emperor Jones," it occurs in simple, classic form. The Emperor Jones always goes back; Yank always goes down. He tries to escape into this limbo and that—first into the limbo of technique (steam versus sail: Yank cries that he *belongs* to the machine age) but the devils are after him, he runs down through the limbo of sex, the limbo of class war, the limbo of the Wobblies (Industrial Workers of the World). To delay in any of these would be to get mixed up with other people, to be lost among the many; but one is one and all alone, and Yank's doom is simple—to die in atomic loneliness in the cage from which he has released the ape. The Id is in fugue and carries the rest of the personality compulsively into the spiral flight to death. And, come to think of it, wherever he crops up, from Hemingway to James Cain, this is the tough guy's downward path.

In "Anna Christie," the next play chronologically, Yank has a name, Mat Burke, and an Irish voice, but for all practical purposes he is still Yank, Yank faced with sex. So we come to the next piece in the jigsaw: sex is damned. Anna has a past, "in a house . . . the kind sailors like you and Mat goes to in port." ("The old debbil sea" is mixed up in this version of original sin, too, but we will come back to this later.) Woman is the trap. The tough guy dares not fall in love or he would split his atom, surrender his loneliness, escape from the fugue, lose himself. It is true that in the last act of the play this unusual enough view of the human situation is given a story's end which might have the blessing of irony, though I don't think it is written ironically, nor have I seen it so played. Indeed, the usual gloss is that of Mr. Robert Morley's clever play title, "Goodness, How Sad!" Here is Anna, having confessed the worst; father and lover are free from their pet illusions. Yank—or Mat—cannot avoid his fate as a lover, but he has made the ex-whore swear fidelity on the crucifix—but that was before he remembered she's a Protestant! Can the oath stand, then; will it bear weight? Manifestly the play could end on the note, Goodness, how funny! Goodness, that's life! But I rather think O'Neill meant the opposite. Goodness, how sad! That's death.

CERTAINLY the next time he met the situation—and it is interesting how his plots, like his characters and his language, evolve from play to play—there was no irony and little fun. In "Desire Under the Elms"—written a couple of years later, in 1924—Abbie Putnam, like Anna Christie, has to find a means to prove her love. Her old farmer of a husband has had three sons by former wives. Abbie, his third wife, has had a child by the youngest son, Eben, which the old man fondly imagines to be his own. At the crisis Eben, the guilty son, discovers that the old man has promised to leave Abbie the farm provided she bears him a child. How can Abbie prove that her motive in child-bearing was not simple greed? Her way of proof is to smother the child. This contrivance of a plot for a restatement of original sin is so ingenious it surely defeats itself. Or is this also an effect of the uncompromising gloom of his gospel? Nowhere in O'Neill are children seen as anything but a punishment. In "Strange Interlude" is another deceived father, and a

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MONTAGU SLATER is a British poet and novelist. His long poem "Peter Grimes" was used as the libretto for Benjamin Britten's opera of that name. Among his novels are "Haunting Europe" and "Once a Jolly Swagman."

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child got by a doctor "as a biological experiment" to restore the confidence of a husband who has been tricked into thinking himself impotent. The experiment succeeds too well and spiritually destroys the experimenters. The plot is ingenious as ever, but an over-intensity in the emotions is itself a give-away.

In this play and more clearly in "Mourning Becomes Electra" we meet the tragedy of the tough guy's childhood. The atom, as it turns out, is fissile from the beginning. It has a father and a mother. The tragedy of Orin (Orestes) is that he wanted to grow like his mother; but, alas, after dutifully murdering Aigisthos he became like the father he hated. Similarly Electra (Lavinia) was father's girl, and she, to her horror, turns like mother. Poor atom! It is compelled to grow.

If one could make a book on immortality I would lay odds that the longest-livers among O'Neill's plays are likely to be "Ah, Wilderness!" and "The Iceman Cometh." At least they are the two most winning titles, the two most beguiling locations—on one side the frontiers of childhood and on the other the world of the Iceman: "The No Chance Saloon, it's Bedrock Bar, The Bottom of the Sea Rathskeller! Don't you notice the beautiful calm in the atmosphere? That's because it's the last harbor. No one here has to worry about where they're going next, because there is no farther they can go."

In this "saloon and rooming house" we find the Irish "Foolosopher" whose description I have just quoted, and a society of has-beens. These comfort their few sober moments with pipe dreams—dreams of regaining a lost career in the police force, in the circus, in the law, journalism, or the Anarchist party. There are also three whores (strictly, they say, "only tarts" but this is *their* pipe dream), a pimp (strictly not a pimp, he says, because pimps don't work and he is the night barkeep), an English ex-officer who is plainly modeled on Colonel Chinstrap, a Boer ex-officer, a deaf proprietor of the saloon, and a stoolpigeon who sold his anarchist mother to the police (he thought she was too free in her morals) for the price of a whore. To these enters a drummer—a salesman—with the message: "Get rid of your pipe dreams and you shall gain a fresh start." Like the Stranger in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," he goes from one to the other, denaturing the pipe dream. The result is that everyone is more depressed: it turns out that the Salesman has murdered his wife (her love was *his* pipe dream), the stoolpigeon jumps off the fire escape, and the Foolosopher gazes into space for a slow curtain. My summary is unfair, for this is certainly one of the most seductive of the plays. For the first time woman has become a solace and a delight even if she is, in the tough-guy language, a pig. The fumes of whiskey and the strange light at the bottom of the sea, beyond good and evil, give the play both an atmosphere and a tongue. The tough-guy language which O'Neill did so much to create has flowered in its own epitaph. This is the only O'Neill play in which there is the feeling of a fully articulated, not to say articulate, society.

IN THE LONG RUN I think it is the etiolation of the language which will eliminate all but the tough-guy and the peasant plays. In "Strange Interlude" the people speak the language of characters in mediocre novels. The tough-guy language, if simple, is alive. Half the effect is got by using "d" for "th," and a few cant phrases are distilled into an essence. But this is a plus, not a minus; the trick is in the economy of means. To take an English parallel, Mr. Graham Greene, in "Brighton Rock," depends for his tough atmosphere very largely on the use of three synonyms—*buer, polony,* and *skirt*—for the word "girl." The atom has a small vocabulary and simple needs. I'm not sure that the shrewdest implied comment is not O'Neill's own, when he places the action of his *Toughadammerung*—"The Iceman Cometh"—in the year 1912. All this happened not in our time; it was in the time before.

Most of the experiences he writes from came to him very early—by the age of twenty-four Eugene O'Neill had been a university student, an actor in his father's touring company, a small-town journalist, a patient in a sanatorium, a salesman, a clerk in Buenos Aires, and three times a sailor. It was the last experience that made the deepest impression. Sometimes I wonder if his time at sea didn't scare "years off his growth." It seems to condition everything he wrote for the next forty-five years.

O'Neill brought ordinary life into the theater, and it turned out to be full of bizarre fantasies; but that is what "ordinary life" is like.

> Between the conception
> And the creation
> Between the emotion
> And the response—

rises the fantasy. And therein, paradoxically, lies O'Neill's strength. All his ducks are wild. Yet O'Neill was no Ibsen. He had not Shaw's power to provoke thought. He strove after but could not reach Strindberg's intensity. But these are the names he invokes. Whatever else he was not, O'Neill was large. What we have to acknowledge finally is the scale and energy of his fantasy in the theater.

Art as Obsession

A WRITER'S DIARY. Being Extracts from the Diary of Virginia Woolf. Edited by Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

By Maxwell Geismar

"A GOOD day—a bad day—so it goes on," Virginia Woolf wrote in the diary at the peak of her success. "Few people can be so tortured by writing as I am. Only Flaubert I think." And the refrain becomes familiar in these pages, while the notion of fame pursued her thoughts. "Now suppose I might become one of the interesting—I will not say great—but interesting novelists? . . . Oh, yes, my reputation increases." In the modern vein, her art was her great solace and scourge. She is a perfect example of the modern writer's complete consecration to the life of art—that intense specialization and separating out from the common life which, after Henry James and Joyce, has been accepted as the indispensable goal and milieu of a literary career.

MAXWELL GEISMAR is a contributing editor of The Nation. *His recently published "Rebels and Ancestors" is the third volume in his series on the American novel.*

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What I have been brooding about is whether it is really true. This relentless search for new techniques to express a writer's values—is it admirable or obsessive? Do we perhaps need new values to express our techniques? In any case "A Writer's Diary" provides food for thought, since Virginia Woolf herself was the product of a literary family, a literary background, a literary life. The Bloomsbury group included T. S. Eliot, E. M. Forster, Roger Fry, Lytton Strachey as familiar figures. Very early Virginia Woolf was described as the cleverest woman in England. Through her father, Sir Leslie Stephen, she knew or had contact with Hardy, Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Max Beerbohm; the pages of the diary are filled with the ruins and shadows of the Victorian epoch. Some of these scenes between the older generation and the moderns of English literature sound like nothing so much as interludes from a tragi-comedy by Noel Coward.

BUT AS A YOUNG WOMAN (the present diary starts in her thirties) she had trouble in distinguishing purely literary values from those of her social class. "Seldom penetrated by love for mankind as I am, I sometimes feel sorry for the poor who don't read Shakespeare." She first considered "Ulysses" an "illiterate, underbred book . . . the book of a self-taught workingman." Tom (T. S.) Eliot, great Tom though he was, also being anemic, had more of a taste for such raw blood. Arnold Bennett, whom she rather admired for being a lovable, genuine man, had nevertheless a "shopkeeper's view of literature." Yet this is one of the brilliant profiles in her notes which is also touching, and she could use her odd fusion of critical acumen and class prejudice to good advantage on Henry James. "Very highly American, I conjecture, in the determination to be highly bred, and the slight obtuseness as to what high breeding is."

She has, in this diary, written largely to conjure away her melancholia, a morbid sensibility to reviews, while she kept an eagle eye on sales. (Leonard Woolf's offices as a devoted husband are used mainly to reassure her that each book is better than the last one.) But she was aware, too, of the "damned egotistical self" in every writer, and there are moments of grandeur when she pits herself, her back to the wall, against the mere currents of popular opinion, or the "cocktail criticism" of Cyril Connolly. "I will not be 'famous,' 'great.' I will go on adventuring, changing, opening my mind and my eyes, refusing to be stamped and stereotyped." There is the continual undertone of illness, the headaches, the fainting spells, until she had, as she says, set up her standard as an invalid.

Her life is compared to a strip of pavement over an abyss. It became a "great lake of melancholy" in which work alone kept her afloat—and then, on one afternoon which she describes so well, the galloping of hooves got wild in her head. The moments of realization, when she felt that her whole being was mobilized in her writing, when she had finally learned to give herself a complete outcome there, are fewer, and more grateful, in the later sections of the diary.

Yet I am still puzzled, after reading this diary, annoying, entertaining, admirable as it is in its different aspects; I am still not certain what Virginia Woolf was really trying to do in her fiction. She was moving toward the "essay-novel," the "poem-novel," everything but the novel-novel. She was concentrating, not merely, as was the case with Sterne, a more robust ancestor, on the exploitation of the writer's personality, but almost on a pure sensibility. In adding what she believed to be experimental new dimensions in fiction she was also, as I conjecture, slicing away or fragmenting the dimensions of ordinary life—creating a form of literary abstractionism.

Was not this perhaps the way she really saw life? The present diary is, to be sure, only a section extracted from a larger journal which cannot yet be published. Even so, we get far too little of the typical human impulses, appetites, passions, and conflicts which mark, for instance, the journals of such another high aesthete as André Gide. In England's worst hour of the Second World War, Mrs. Woolf could not bring herself to admire Churchill's prose. She hardly felt that "the crisis was real," while debating the proper form to convey the impression that Roger Fry had never been in love. While the bombs dropped on London, she was still consumed by "this insatiable desire to write something before I die." Death and fame came, but maybe they are not enough for the artist—or for art.

THE CIRCUS

The circus was never meant for children:
They believe too firmly to tremble as
The acrobat, suspending chaos, grasps
The outstretched fingers of redemption.
Success for them being foreordained,
They look away, unsatisfied,
Lured by the clamorous blandishments
Of paper monkeys dangling on sticks.

Only their parents lean forward, transfixed:
Believing in gods but knowing gods can fail,
They focus passion on the serpent tricks,
Intent upon their spangled deities
Resisting the temptation of the fall.
And in their seats they swing ambivalent
In close communion with the timed trapeze,
Dreading and yet half-hoping for mischance,
Waiting for the instant when the hand will slip,
The wish just missing the receptive grip,
The dazzling body plunging down to burn
Upon the pyre of horror-kindled eyes
In ancient ritual of sacrifice,
While high above, the restless children dance
Across the tightrope of their unconcern.

MILTON KAPLAN

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There Ought to Be More

I—SIX NONLECTURES. By e. e. cummings. Harvard. $3.

• By William Saroyan

FIRST, there's nobody like him and too few a little like him, and there ought to be many. (More later).

In the meantime now and then a blurb appears on a book that makes sense:

This book is the text of six Charles Eliot Norton nonlectures which the American poet and painter EECummings gave at Sanders Theater, Harvard University, during the autumn of 1952 and the following spring. Asserting that he himself—and everybody else, whether everybody else admits or denies it—is innately and inescapably "egocentric," Cummings here presents "an aesthetic self-portrait of one whole half" (the writing half) "of this and no other indivisible ignoramus As Is." In so doing, he vividly contrasts the world of his infancy and childhood and youth with our present "unworld"; he evolves "a strictly amateur anthology, or collection of poetry, which for no reason or unreason I dearly love"; and he quotes extensively from his least-known writings—including numerous essays, two plays, and a Soviet Russian diary—revealing himself as a forthright partisan of individuality in a so-called scientific era whose slogan is progress but whose essence is a regression to collectivism.

End of sensible and informative blurb; now for a moment more of nobody like him. Why is there nobody like him? No telling, but possibly because to be like him but not to be lucky as he has been, and is: not to be a man who can make a poem, a painting, therefore time itself, or more correctly extra time, or super time; not to be all the other things he must be in order to make, but to be like him, is to be quite simply a crank; and there are more than enough who are cranks alone, or not much of anything else. The many who are cranks alone are like him only in the fierceness with which they hold to their lonely ideas, by which they live and die in lonely eccentricity and considerable scorn if not hatred (they scorning and hating their scorners and haters: their ideas about what a man is in the first place, who he belongs to, and what his own absolute rights are).

End of more et cetera for a moment in order to take a few of the six one by one, in his own preferred typography if that's the word: i & my parents; i & their son; i & selfdiscovery; i & you & is; i & now & him; i & am & santa claus. Every word of the six lectures is quotable, but that would be the book again, and the idea is to get the reader to buy or borrow the book, so only a few words will be quoted:

From i & my parents:

Let me cordially warn you, at the opening of these so-called lectures, that I haven't the remotest intention of posing as a lecturer. Lecturing is presumably a form of teaching; and presumably a teacher is somebody who knows. I never did, and still don't, know.

Questions, very good ones, the most important kind it is possible to ask, nonanswer answers, half-answers, whole-answers, canceled answers, new questions out of non-half-whole-and-canceled answers, all working at the question who is anybody, who is the poet, who precisely for purposes of illustration is the nonlecturing lecturer, "a victim of galloping egocentricity or is he just plain simpleminded?" And then:

Half a century of time and several continents of space, in addition to a healthily developed curiosity, haven't yet enabled me to locate a single peripherally situated ego. Perhaps I somehow simply didn't meet the right people, and vice versa.

From i & their son:

You will perhaps pardon me, as a nonlecturer, if I begin my second nonlecture with an almost inconceivable assertion: I was born at home.

From i & selfdiscovery:

In the course of my first nonlecture, I affirmed that—for me—personality is a mystery; that mysteries alone are significant; and that love is the mystery-of-mysteries who creates them all. During my second outspokenness I contrasted the collective behavior of unchildren with the mystery of individuality; and gave (or attempted to give) you one particular child's earliest glimpse of a mystery called nature. Now I shall try to communicate —clumsily, no doubt, but honestly—certain attitudes and reactions surrounding the mystery and transition from which emerged a poet and painter named

WILLIAM SAROYAN is the author of "The Bicycle Rider of Beverly Hills" and many other novels.

Virginia Woolf
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EECummings. /As it was my miraculous fortune to have a true father and a true mother, and a home which the truth of their love made joyous, so—*in reaching* outward from this love and this joy—I was marvelously lucky to touch and seize a rising and striving world; . . .

Now, *there* is true teaching or nonteaching, true lecturing or nonlecturing: I certainly would like to see a child or adult hear talk like that and not get an idea or two in his own head that would do him no harm and might do some good, certainly the good of making love, wit, and fun all simultaneous possibilities the rest of his life. Where do you get a better start in education or life than that?

From i & you & is: "Now comes, from my point of view, the excitement; . . ." And then:

Writing, I feel is an art; and artists, I feel, are human beings. As a human being stands, so a human being is: not that some human beings aren't acrobats. . .

And then he reads from his various books, apparently a little from each of them, but this one reading will do, for it's in the spirit and nature of much that is his and few others', from that gooey year 1945, some of the goo of which is still about, some of it thickening:

When you confuse art with propaganda, you confuse an act of God with something which can be turned on and off *like the hot water faucet*. If God means nothing to you (or less than nothing) I'll cheerfully substitute one of your own favorite words, "freedom." You confuse freedom—the only freedom—with absolute tyranny. . . .

And just listen to this and try not to get a little excited about it even though it is only from a poet's essay in an anthology called "The War Poets": and bothered and pleased and excited nobody, perhaps not even the poets themselves:

"O my fellow citizens, many an honest man believes a lie. Though you are as honest as the day, fear and hate the liar. Fear and hate him when he should be feared and hated: now. Fear and hate him where he should be feared and hated: in yourselves. /Do not hate and fear the artist in yourselves, my fellow citizens. Honor him and love him. /Only the artist in yourselves is more truthful than the night.

End of all quotes, end of review: what a book, what a poet, what a man, what a patriot, what a proud nation he is the first (and only?) citizen of—no, he didn't discover New Jersey, *nuclear* fission, or nucoa, just himself.

Fallible Genius

THE PROPHET ARMED: TROTSKY, 1879-1921. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. $6.

By Mark Gayn

MR. DEUTSCHER'S biography of Trotsky is a happy afterthought. When he first began to plan his trilogy on the "Big Three" of Bolshevism, he expected it to embrace a study of Trotsky in exile. But, Mr. Deutscher now records, the deeper he dug into his materials, the more he became convinced that Trotsky's years in exile could not be explained, or understood, except as part of the man's entire life. Thus what was first intended as a sketch turned into a full-bodied biography—so broad in its scope it had to be divided into two volumes. (The second will be entitled "The Prophet Unarmed.")

The first volume carries Trotsky from his birthplace in the Ukraine, where his father was a prosperous Jewish farmer, through his initiation into revolutionary politics, his terms in czarist prisons and Siberia, his vital role in the revolutions of 1905 and 1917, and on to the apex of his career as War Commissar of victorious Bolshevism. As the story unfolds, Mr. Deutscher follows the chronological thread to record, and analyze, the development of Russian revolutionary thought in general and the molding of Trotsky's own philosophy and character in particular. In the process Mr. Deutscher also manages to undo some of the work done by what he describes as "tomb-robbers and ghouls," who have devoted nearly three decades now to distorting Trotsky's biography beyond recognition.

Mr. Deutscher performs his task with a historian's detachment. I do not know whether he had been at one time or another an admirer of Trotsky, as so many European intellectuals have. His Trotsky is a man of vast fallibilities, constant doubts, and erratic twists of thought. A revolutionary who preached tight party discipline, he himself vacillated between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, and actually arrived in Petrograd in 1917 as a political free lance. Perhaps the most brilliant mass organizer of this age, who night after night could rouse "the warm dark human mass" of soldiers, sailors, and workers at the Cirque Moderne, he was also a political dilettante who never quite understood the value of a tight party machine. And if he was an astute political thinker who could blueprint eleven years in advance the tactics of the 1917 revolution, he was also a blunderer when it came to forecasting revolutionary turmoil in the West.

MR. DEUTSCHER deals fully with all these errors of judgment or performance, but he also regards Trotsky with sympathy, respect, and understanding. Trotsky emerges from these pages as a truly epic figure—heroic, impetuous, and flamboyant, a dreamer who translated grandiose dreams into reality (some of it so ugly it frightened him), a man of "volcanic passion and mighty language" who stirred the souls of millions, and an administrator of extraordinary skill. Yet he was also a tragic figure—a man who could sway multitudes but had few friends, a late-comer whom many saw as the true genius of the Bolshevik revolution but who was also regarded with acute suspicion or even dislike by his associates, and a leader doomed at the height of his success by his own philosophy and weaknesses.

Mr. Deutscher supports this dramatic chronicle with massive research, most of it in Russian sources some of which are little known in the West. And if in dealing with his subject's early life he appears, perhaps unavoidably, to rely too heavily on Trotsky's autobiography, he severs this dependence early to turn to the evidence supplied by Trotsky's friends and foes, by the minutes of the Bolshevik Central Committee, or by Trotsky's own prolific output in obscure underground, émigré, or foreign publications.

The book, it seems to me, is not with-

MARK GAYN, author and foreign correspondent, has first-hand knowledge of Soviet Russia and other Communist countries.

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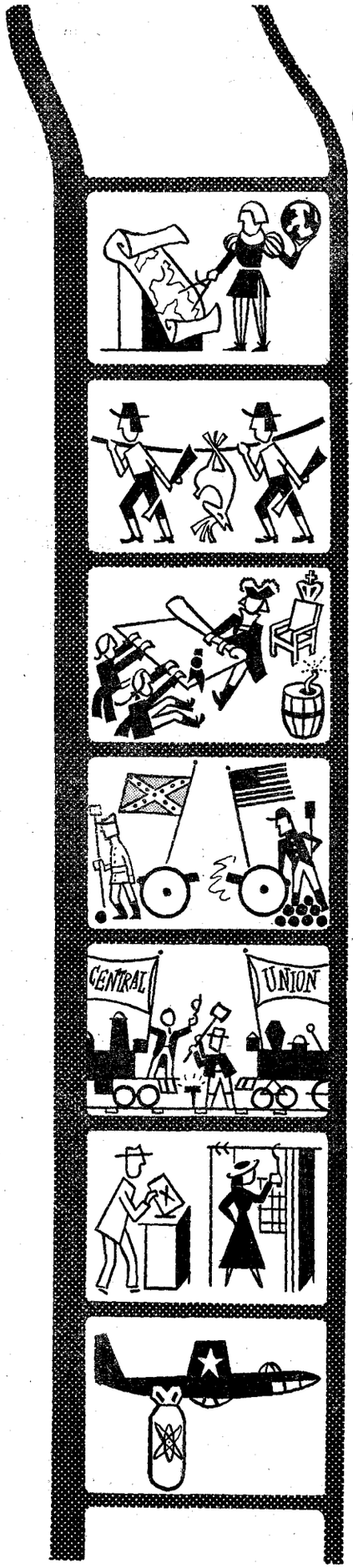

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out shortcomings. I would have been happier to see the volume culminate on a note of triumph, around 1920-22, or perhaps with Lenin's death, rather than on a vague premonitory note of disaster. Also, the heroic figure at times becomes so obfuscated by its own petty and tortured twists of political belief and controversy that it loses its third dimension.

But if these are blemishes, they are very unimportant. Even with them "The Prophet Armed" is a brilliant political biography, combining great scholarship, acute analysis, and some first-rate writing. With it Mr. Deutscher reasserts his position as one of the ablest interpreters in the West of that immense historical fact known as the Soviet Union.

Diplomacy of Anti-Communism

PRELUDE TO WORLD WAR II. By Gaetano Salvemini. Doubleday and Company. $7.50.

By Frederick L. Schuman

TWENTY years ago the policy-makers of the Western democracies, alarmed by the menace of communism to a "Free World" unable to set its own house in order, sought safety by "appeasing" the fascist Caesars. Paris, London, and even Washington assumed that the new tyrants in Rome, Berlin, and Tokyo could be bribed to good behavior or, at worst, would attack Russia and leave the West in peace. The result was war in which the democracies were almost done to death. Stalin's Russia, repeating this folly in reverse in 1939-40, invited war in which it was almost done to death.

Ten years ago the United Kingdom, the United States, and Soviet Russia were allies in arms against the fascist Triplice —whose bid for hegemony could easily have been checkmated without war had the statesmen of the allied powers had the wit and will to combine their forces in time. Five years ago the victorious super-powers of East and West were preparing for war against one another, since they had not yet learned that crusades for communism and crusades for freedom are both formulas for disaster. Today, thanks to a global stalemate, some inklings of insight are beginning to penetrate the minds of men in West and East alike, with resultant prospects of the maintenance of a global balance of power and a modus vivendi.

Wise statesmen and citizens of the 1950's can learn much from the decisions and indecisions of foolish statesmen and citizens of the 1930's. To the voluminous literature on the origins of World War II, Gaetano Salvemini has here made a most illuminating contribution which no citizen or statesman can afford to ignore—though many will, since life is short and time is fleeting.

Salvemini, now eighty-one and back at his old post at the University of Florence, spent the years of *Fascismo* in exile, most of them at Harvard. His unyielding liberalism admitted of no compromise with the fraudulent anti-communism of Mussolini, or of Hitler, Franco, Tojo, or their contemporary "little Caesars" in America.

In this, his most erudite and ambitious but not, let us hope, final book, Salvemini has devoted all his rare gifts as stylist, philosopher, and historian to a revaluation of the fatuous "diplomacy" which bred World War II. Most of these five hundred pages deal with the Italian conquest of Ethiopia. This episode of a disastrous decade followed Japanese seizure of Manchuria and preceded Hitler's repudiation of Locarno, the Spanish war, Austrian *Anschluss,* Munich, and the crises of 1939. But Salvemini rightly regards the Ethiopian war as the acid test of Western statesmanship. This brilliant study, completed at Harvard in 1949, is based as much on press comments and analyses of public opinion as on diplomatic documents.

Salvemini is almost unique among contemporary historians in admitting his prejudices. "The author," he comments in his preface, "has not felt bound to abstain from moral judgment. . . . Impartiality is either a delusion of the simple-minded, a banner of the opportunist, or the boast of the dishonest. Nobody is entitled to be unbiased towards truth or falsehood." So he concludes, after a meticulous examination of the evidence, that the League of Nations was "the Geneva union of racketeers"; that Nicholas Murray Butler and Anne O'Hare McCormick were fools in their early adoration of Mussolini; that Ramsay McDonald was an "addlepate"; that Anthony Eden, "knight errant" of collective security in 1935-36, was in fact a hypocritical accessory of Simon and Hoare; and that Laval, for reasons unclear to this reviewer, while "still a disreputable figure," unexpectedly benefited in retrospective judgment from a "number of extenuating circumstances." Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, in their responses to Il Duce's assault on Ethiopia, are not spared the Florentine's sharp tongue.

His genius for satire sparkles through these pages. Examples: "The Marxist doctrine is a wondrous drug; it first awakens dormant minds, then makes them stupid." The old diplomacy—"secret agreements secretly arrived at"; the new diplomacy—"open disagreements openly arrived at."

But this volume is no mere compilation of witticisms by a gusty octogenarian. Salvemini, here as always, is in deadly earnest. His wisdom is not the common wisdom of hindsight but the uncommon wisdom of foresight. He has documented anew—and I believe irrefutably—a thesis long denied: that Western "appeasement" of fascism in the tragic 1930's was based on the premise that the new Caesars were "saving civilization from communism" and would, if given a free hand, attack Russia.

Salvemini has never cherished the illusion that the U. S. S. R. is a democracy or that Soviet policy-makers are wiser or more virtuous than their Western counterparts. But he knows the formula whereby democratic statesmanship committed suicide two decades ago and may strive to do so again if the lessons of the past are forgotten. And I suspect he suspects, though he does not discuss the issue, that current Russian suspicions of Western motives in rearming Germans, Italians, and Japanese in the service of "peace" are at least understandable in the light of the record. His analysis of a crucial part of that record is the most realistic and incisive indictment of Western diplomacy thus far published.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, professor of government at Williams College, is the author of "The Commonwealth of Man—an Inquiry into Power Politics and World Government."

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Ruler and Scapegoat

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT. By Sidney Hyman. Harper and Brothers. $4.

By Keith Hutchison

PROPONENTS of the Bricker amendment contend, to adapt a historic resolution of the House of Commons, that the power of the President "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." To this end they seek to amend the Constitution so as to strengthen the checks that Congress exerts on the Executive's treaty-making functions, a move which if successful would tend to tilt the balance of power in Washington toward Capitol Hill.

There is no mention of the Bricker amendment in Mr. Hyman's book, but nevertheless his cool study of the Presidency as an institution is very pertinent to the current debate. A student of government who has deserted the academic groves for the dusty highways of practical politics—he has assisted the campaigns of both Senator Douglas and Adlai Stevenson—the author shows great ability in staging today's controversies in their historical settings. He points out that the Constitution "left for future events to decide who would have the final and authoritative voice in the direction of foreign affairs," and describes the way in which strong Presidents, dealing with situations for which the Constitution proved an inadequate guide, created a body of precedents on which their successors have been able to draw.

Thus the President has come to "form" is well as "formulate" foreign policy, a power of initiative that, taken in conjunction with his role as commander-in-chief, does enable him to encroach on the Congressional right to "declare war." In fact, as Mr. Hyman says, "we are . . . caught in an acute opposition between our need for constitutional controls over the President and our demand that he move swiftly and effectively to quell any danger or to seize any opportunity of advantage to us." The point was illustrated as long ago as 1803 when Jefferson stretched his constitutional powers to make the Louisiana Purchase—an example of leadership that Congress was not then and is not now organized to provide.

Here we reach the heart of Mr. Hyman's thesis, the point that, in contradistinction to the Congress, which by its nature tends to be a collectivity of parochial interests, the President, although elected on a partisan basis, is accepted as a symbol of national unity and tends to become a representative of all the people. "He is, or can be, the essence of the nation's personality. In him many things can flower—or decay." It is to him that Americans look for action in a crisis: it is he they blame when national fortunes ebb. Both ruler and scapegoat, he is akin to the doomed priest of the Golden Bough.

Mr. Hyman believes that both the nature of American political parties and the methods by which Presidents are chosen are obstacles to the success of extremists. "Our system of Presidential selection," he observes, "has served the cause of limited government by thus far barring the Presidency to any of God's angry men." This is one reason why, despite his liberal associations, he is decidedly cautious in his approach to constitutional change. He is opposed to Presidential election by a straight popular vote and also to the substitution of direct Presidential primaries for nominating conventions. He argues that the realignment of parties on "pure" liberal and conservative lines would put a premium on rigid orthodoxy and would injure the President's unifying role.

Mr. Hyman is equally skeptical about most reforms designed to reduce the physical burdens of the Presidency or to limit the dangers of Executive dictatorship. The diffusion of power, whether by giving greater independence to the Vice-President or Cabinet members or by providing a legislative council to "assist" the President, would inevitably lead, he thinks, to a diffusion and weakening of responsibility. These conclusions, like much else in the book, are debatable. But while many of Mr. Hyman's readers, whatever their politics, are likely to disagree with him, all of them should find his book very pleasantly stimulating.

KEITH HUTCHISON is a contributing editor of The Nation.

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China's National Aims

MODERN CHINA'S FOREIGN POLICY. By Werner Levi. University of Minnesota Press. $5.50.

By Edgar Snow

PROFESSOR LEVI has set out to "analyze and interpret Chinese foreign policy." For that "main purpose" the author has sought to make "China, not the countries with which she has had dealings, the focus" and to treat "internal Chinese developments . . . as important determinants of foreign policy."

A quarter of his book discusses conflicts between the Manchu Empire and the Western powers and Japan, down to the 1912 revolution. Early struggles of the republic, the rise of the Nationalists, the growth of communism and civil war, and the Japanese conquest of Manchuria are briefly summarized. A review of events takes us through the Japanese invasion, World War II, and the disintegration of the Nationalist government. The last third of Levi's work offers an analysis of Communist foreign policy and depicts the new regime "realizing ambitions in Asia." The author's conclusion is that "Communist doctrine on international relations is a poor guide to predicting the foreign policy of Communist China." It is "safer to rely primarily on the traditional and basic factors . . . and to realize that Chinese Communist policy, like any other foreign policy, is as much reaction as it is action."

Levi thinks that Marxism is for Chinese Communists essentially a tool manipulated to make black look white whenever necessary to support opportunistic policies in pursuit of traditional national aims. In this perspective he sees the Sino-Russian alliance as highly viable not so much because of common ideological beliefs as because strategic aims are complementary. China can back Soviet policy in Europe, where it has few interests, while Western preoccupation in Europe gives China a freer hand in Asia. Moscow can aid Communist China because "in most respects, and for the time being, what benefits Chinese interests also benefits Russian."

LEVI considers Southeast Asia "the area of major interest" in China's foreign-policy aims, past and present. Reestablishment of Chinese power in Tibet and Communist support for the Vietminh revolution are aspects of "Chinese imperialism." While aggressive designs elsewhere in Southeast Asia "correspond faithfully to Marxist-Leninist doctrine" they also "satisfy every Chinese chauvinist, from the Manchus down to the Nationalists."

The curious wording in the foregoing quotation suggests that the author's aim of "objective analysis and interpretation" is not always realized. Indeed, a pronounced weakness of his review of nineteenth-century history is that it repeatedly fails to draw any distinction between Manchu and Chinese; an uninformed reader might readily assume they were identical. While Manchu success in organizing a puppet Chinese bureaucracy was of course quite remarkable, it is hardly permissible to gloss over the strongly anti-Manchu character of the early Chinese revolutionary movement. A cursory study of the period, even a reference to Chiang Kai-shek's "China's Destiny," leaves no doubt of that. In this connection it is pertinent that the author almost wholly ignores the deep internal social and political significance of the Tai-p'ing rebellion, whose basic objective was the destruction of the "alien dynasty" and its native and foreign allies.

Professor Levi finds "imperialism" in Chinese recovery of Tibet and renewed influence in Vietnam but conspicuously avoids the word in referring to French reconquest of Indo-China or former Brit-

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ish penetration of Tibet. Many reasons are listed for the Reds' "hate-America campaign," but the billions in United States supplies and services vainly given to save Chiang Kai-shek's regime are not considered. The defeat of the Nationalists is ascribed to indifference to popular needs and the corruption of high Kuomintang officials; but no attempt is made to "analyze" or "interpret" the gentleman who hired them all. Et cetera.

It is true that old societies and ancient countries tend to cling to traditional national aims regardless of regimes in power. But Professor Levi has made something of a strait-jacket of his thesis and fails to escape from it to examine more significant differences which make the Communist power unique in the history of Asia. Whether we like it or not, history does after all move by revolutionary as well as evolutionary mutations.

Despite the defects noted, this book is recommended as a highly useful presentation of one approach to contemporary political understanding which has been generally ignored in popular thinking.

EDGAR SNOW is the author of "Red Star over China," "Pattern of Soviet Power," and other books.

Recent Verse

LIBRETTO FOR THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA. By M. B. Tolson. Twayne Publishers. $2.75.

THE ART OF WORLDLY WISDOM. By Kenneth Rexroth. Golden Goose Press. $2.50.

THE EYE. By Harvey Shapiro. Alan Swallow. $2.

ANGEL OF ACCIDENCE. By Peter Kane Dufault. The Macmillan Company. $3.25.

ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, MINERAL. By Babette Deutsch. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.75.

THE TOY FAIR. By Howard Moss. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE LAND OF SILENCE AND OTHER POEMS. By May Sarton. Stanley M. Rinehart. $2.50.

By John Ciardi

THE last quarter has turned up a number of books of poems by poets not generally represented in the anthologies, and perhaps their most marked characteristic is that few of them have much in common with the others. Let us take that variety as a sign of vigor and not try to force connections where they do not exist.

Certainly the most ambitious and in some ways the most compelling of the new books is M. B. Tolson's "Libretto for the Republic of Liberia," a work commissioned by the Liberian government for its centennial commemoration. (Duke Ellington received the commission to write the music.)

With a prodigious eclecticism, and with a percussion as has not been heard since Hart Crane's "The Bridge," Tolson constructs a vision of Africa past, present, and future, the whirlwind center of half the world's imperial greed and passion, and—as Tolson sees it—the last new continent and future of the world, "Futurafrique." There are times when Tolson's heaping on of image after image and of phrases from German, Spanish, French, and from African languages as well, leaves the reader knocked out: too much is happening too fast, and the result seems to be not exaltation but dizziness. When Tolson succeeds, however, one feels a force of language and of rhythm as breathtaking as anything in the range of American poetry.

This is obviously a book to return to. The blast of language and vision is simply too overwhelming for first judgments. It seems a reasonable guess, however, that Tolson has established a new dimension for American Negro poetry. As Allen Tate puts it in his preface: "For the first time, it seems to me, a Negro poet has assimilated completely the full poetic language of his time and, by implication, the language of the Anglo-American poetic tradition."

Another book which will certainly not be resolved short of careful rereading over a long period of time is Kenneth Rexroth's "The Art of Worldly Wisdom," poems written between 1927

JOHN CIARDI is the author of several books of verse, the latest being "From Time to Time." He reviews poetry regularly for The Nation.

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and 1932. In explaining the delayed publication, Rexroth attaches two prefaces, the first (the original) merely pretentious, the second outright stupid. In the first we are told that these poems "technically, represent about as advanced a position as American poetry has taken." That advanced position is equated to the attempt to domesticate the methods of contemporary French poetic output. In the second we are treated to one more of those blasts-from-California wherein everything east of the Mississippi, if not of the Sierras, is described as corrupt, effete, academic, lickspittle, and so on, and from which we are to conclude that only California is saved and that it is Mr. Rexroth who has saved it.

Having written my own share of stupid prefaces, my sins are ready to shrug at Rexroth's. Let the prose be brash; the poems, when they are not touched by the same bombast, are directly felt and directly compelling.

And I stand hesitant at the rug's edge . . .
Whether or not . . . it is no question now.
I wonder what we have done
To merit such ironic lives.
Hesitant on the rug's edge,
I study the kaleidoscope
Before my toes, where some long
Dead Persian has woven
A cynical Levantine prayer.

I think we can all stand on that rug's edge with Rexroth. Putting us there is one of the things the writing does when it is truly poetry.

If there is one general characteristic of the new poetry—perhaps Mr. Rexroth will take this to justify his wrath—it is self-consciousness. The best of the new poetry seems studied, and the worst of it seems merely verbal. No one with any talent seems to be saving the world anymore, but rather to refuse it. There simply does not exist a social doctrine to which the poets seem able to respond deeply, and those who do not flock to Rome, as well as many who do, seem to write as if the aesthetic were theology enough. (And for that matter, who is more obviously saved than Wallace Stevens?) The trouble with this sort of studied concern is not the lack of occasional successes but the likelihood of falling into the merely verbal and precious.

In their first books both Harvey Shapiro and Peter Kane Dufault seem to illustrate this trend to what is essentially the baroque. Both are poets of real talent. Dufault works in a rushing rhythm of broken lines, Shapiro in intricately woven stanza forms. Both are sometimes overtaken by the poem in a memorable way (see, for example, Shapiro's magnificent Death of a Grandmother and Dufault's March). When the poem does not come over them in a rush, however, both seem to strain too hard. So, even in as good a poem as Death of a Grandmother, Shapiro can speak of "the sly, sexual humor of the grave." So also Dufault can write as strained an image as "the small hard hoof/of a star prances upon Time."

Two other books of the quarter deserve enthusiastic notice. Babette Deutsch's sixth book of poems is a strangely uneven book, but one that will reward the reader's patience with at least two memorable poems. Having been traduced by my family into paying advanced prices to see "The Robe," I can insist that anyone can afford $2.75 to have in his head such poems as Homage to John Skelton and Afternoon with an Infant.

We can let Howard Moss speak for himself. Here is his summary of Venice: "The swank and stink of the imagination/Beautifully gone bad." And this: "A mountain is an opera for the eye." Howard Moss has not only a fine ear but a mind in which the word feels like a thing, a poet's mind.

ON MAY SARTON'S book of poems, which came out somewhat earlier, I must file a dissenting report.

"The Land of Silence" contains sixty-seven poems. In a quick check I count the following adjectives at least three times—absolute, anguished, beautiful, fierce, marvelous, passionate, piercing, rich, tender, terrible. I count "deep" thirteen times, "intense" nine, and "pure" eleven. One may, moreover, look into almost any poem and find at least one instance of such adjectives as amazing, ardent, desolate, ecstatic, entranced, holy, immense, implacable, perfect, ravaged, tremendous, violent. I think these adjectives all fit into a single category and that the category defines not only an emotional area—which I find myself identifying as "high-pitched"—but an aesthetic position to which I must register myself as absolutely, fiercely, implacably, violently opposed. None of Miss Sarton's recurring adjectives has a specific sensory content. None of them identifies a quality in the observed object. All of them assert, as distinct from "objectify," an emotion in the poet.

Finally—and crucially—these emotional assertions seem always to be made, not through the object, but without regard for it. Miss Sarton looks at a tiger in a cage and writes "I tremble with desire." In the next poem she looks at a small (unidentified) bird in a cage and also trembles ("And I went back to bed /Trembling"). I must conclude that the trembling is there before the fact.

The sort of poetry that brushes past the fact to assert a pregenerated emotion is precisely "self-expression." It is, I must believe, distinct from and inferior to the sort of poetry that generates its emotion in its own movement. Robert Frost has said the same thing better: "The fact is the sweetest dream the laborer knows."

Theater

Harold Clurman

THERE are many things wrong with "The Girl on the Via Flaminia," the Alfred Hayes play which was a novel (Circle in the Square). But the things that are wrong with it do not disturb us so much—at least while we watch it—as we are gratified by what is right. The opposite is true of T. S. Eliot's "The Confidential Clerk" (Morosco), which has certain remarkable virtues but remains, nevertheless, profoundly dissatisfying.

"The Girl on the Via Flaminia" is about the abortive love affair of a G. I. in newly "liberated" Rome (1944-45) and a penniless Italian girl. The play is underwritten—owing in part to the nature of the story and to the mood it tries to evoke, and perhaps also to a baleful Hemingway influence which makes

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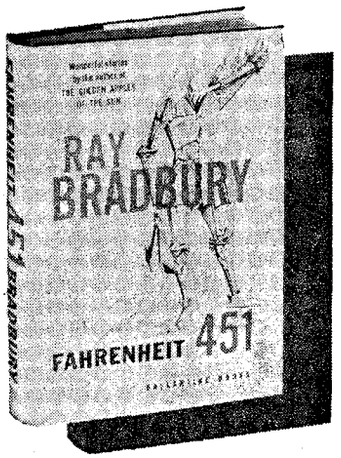

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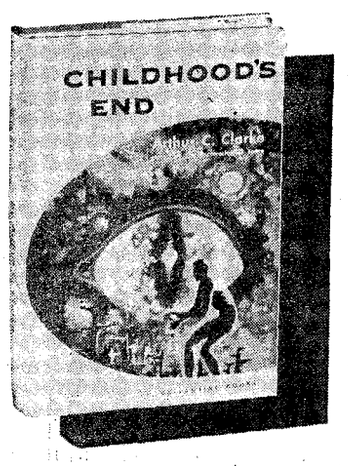

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the author, even more than his characters, appear afraid of verbalizing their feelings. We are never quite sure in the Hayes play what the author is trying to say.

The nice American boy arranges an affair for himself because he is lonely and he has food and shelter to offer an available Italian girl. The girl resents the boy as one of the hated "conquerors," though she seems to fall in love with him; the boy refuses to acknowledge that he might love the girl and marry her, for he has simply made a common-sense deal to assuage the pain of his loneliness. If it were not for the war, the author seems to suggest, things might be different.

The suggestion is poignant, because the material derives from experience. The breath of life is present—even though it is far from completely assimilated or understood. We do not know whether the boy is more insensitive than he ought to be—this might be an oblique criticism of the "ordinary" American male; whether the girl is offended by the boy's lack of commitment to her or is simply humiliated by her defenseless position in relationship to him. Even if this ambiguity is part of the author's design, the play suffers because whether or not the characters fully understand their situation the audience must. The audience is left guessing, pricked by pity and a sort of itching sentimentality. The play is an artistically unresolved "slice of life." But the fact remains that it is a slice of *life,* and even a very thin slice is something that we take to our hearts in a theater entirely devoted to "entertainment."

The performance is like the play: the boy too soft for a clear interpretation, the girl too consistently angry. Still, Leo Penn, who plays the boy, has a clarity and sweetness of personality and a directness of attack which make him entirely winning, and if Betty Miller as the girl and Felice Orlandi as the girl's brother—who is most impressive in the quiet conversation of the second act—strike us as too monotonously harsh, the author and the director may be at fault. In any case, despite a certain self-consciousness which constricts the company in its effort to sustain a slight script, the total effect is warming.

THE SAME cannot be said of "The Confidential Clerk." T. S. Eliot, the poet of discomfort at the human condition and of cultured retreat from the nastiness of living, has here written his most hypocritical play: it is pure mask. In this comedy about fathers who do not know their sons and sons who do not know their fathers, the surface is all urbanity and deferential smiles, the core a resigned but basic misanthropy. None of us knows the other, none of us understands the other. Each of us must have his "secret garden" where he can lock the door on his fellow-man. Of the noblest of the characters it is said, "It isn't like you to despise people: you don't care enough . . . you're above caring. Or else you're terribly insensible."

The story of the play, which is deliberately farcical, is intended to tell us, among other things, that there is something in us "which isn't just heredity but something unique. Something we have from eternity. Something straight from God. That means we are nearer to God than to anyone." Without necessarily being mystic, I believe most of us can accept this. But Eliot's God, I suspect, is a cold fish. He loves none of his creatures. He has at best a polite and elegant tolerance of them. He manages after due and complex speculation to forgive them for being human.

The affirmative aspect of this creed is that the best of us will follow our deepest selves—the godhead in us. For most of us to follow our deepest or truest selves means to accept our mediocrity. For the elect, or the saintly, those "who want a world where the form is the reality of which the substantial is only a shadow," there is a life-long dedication to art—though this is somewhat inferior to the taking of orders—to renunciation, and (in "The Cocktail Party") to martyrdom.

Eliot, like J. Alfred Prufrock, whose love song he wrote, is "politic, cautious, and meticulous. Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse." He would not dare write a play for the commercial theater which said what he has to say in terms of true situations and actual characters. His mask is a stylized comedy, borrowing (in "The Cocktail Party") a bit from the manner of Noel Coward and now from Oscar Wilde—not to mention the plot of the "Ion" of Euripides. So we get a cheerful drawing-room atmosphere in which the witty demeanor of the characters hides the chill of the meaning in what is more of a dramatized rumination than a play.

To a greater or lesser degree it seems to work—for Eliot is a master. There is pleasure in the purity of his language, in the subtle music and rhythm of the words. There is a kind of solace in the gentility of the atmosphere, the good breeding, and in the tinkling echo of

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our melancholy. Drama has been reduced to a kind of cushioned restiveness, and we listen, as if gently hypnotized, to the delicately melodious despair that emanates from the actors' speech like a suavely reassuring address by a charming deacon. What a relief from the raucous world outside! But if we are seeking a further engagement in life—what enervation!

Professionals criticize Martin Browne because he directs Eliot's plays not as a skein of dramatic situations but as a series of set speeches. I am not sure the professionals are right. It is true that the effect in "The Confidential Clerk" is to make its very pleasant company of actors sound as if they were speaking a foreign language—a beautiful one which they employ only for dressy occasions.

Ina Claire, being the most brilliant comedienne of our stage, is the most delightful and human one at the game, but we should like to admire her once again in a real part. Claude Rains communicates the soundness of his personal character. Joan Greenwood, who has an odd beauty, will fascinate some and irritate others by a voice and mannerisms the source, composition, and import of which are not easily definable.

Music

B. H. Haggin

"THE fact is," an actor and director I know remarked once as the City Center curtain was falling on a new Balanchine ballet, "the important things that are happening in the theater are happening here." Balanchine has, since then, continued to demonstrate the truth of that observation; and his newest demonstration is the New York City Ballet production of "The Nutcracker." This is an exciting work of theater art, for which Balanchine the artist of the theater has used the skill of Balanchine the choreographer, in addition to those of Tchaikovsky, of Horace Armistead, Karinska, and Jean Rosenthal—to say nothing for the moment of the dancers and musicians who are involved. And while the later scenes include brilliant dance invention—above all the grand pas de deux of the Sugar Plum Fairy and Her Cavalier, so freshly and beautifully imagined, and her solo, so quiet and casual and yet so breathtakingly original and intricate—the early scenes warm and touch one with what Balanchine has created for the Christmas party and Clara's dream. What is so touching in this is the feeling for a child's world, a child's imagination, that one also hears in Tchaikovsky's exquisite music—for example the music for the conclusion of the scene in the white forest.

Even the traditionally precarious opening performance came off brilliantly, with wonderfully beautiful dancing by Tallchief in her supported pas de deux and her solo. Merely to hear all the superb music Tchaikovsky composed for this ballet as it was played by the orchestra under Barzin's direction was a pleasure in itself; and I hope it will be recorded.

I attended a second performance of "Don Giovanni" at the Metropolitan in which Siepi replaced Rossi-Lemeni in the title role and Fernando Corena made his debut as Leporello. Such changes in cast are hazardous for the new singers and damaging to the ensemble operation even when the singers have to fit themselves into a conventional production; but with all the clambering over the ramp of the Metropolitan's new setting that Siepi and Corena had to do they occasionally acted without assurance and sang badly out of time with the orchestra. I can report nevertheless that Siepi's singing was highly agreeable to the ear, except for a roughening in full voice; that Corena also sang well; that the voice of Lucine Amara, the Donna Elvira this time, was less agreeable at first than it got to be in the second act; that Roberta Peters, the Zerlina, sang very beautifully; that Harshaw's voice was a little less unpleasant this time, but her delivery of the florid passages of *Non mi dir* was her usual series of smears that brought her the usual cheers from the audience.

The more I see of the new set the worse it seems. It is easy enough to see all the damage the ramp does: that it impedes the action, contradicts supposed changes of scene, produces sheer absurdity like Don Giovanni having supper in the middle of the street. What it was impossible for me to discover this time was anything valuable it contributed that wouldn't have been achieved otherwise. In addition I was more aware this time of the set's failure to achieve even its purpose of eliminating long waits for

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changes of scene: there are two for the setting up of the musicians' platform in the ball scene of Act 1 and the supper scene of Act 2. If I remember correctly the old production dropped a forecurtain before which an aria was sung while the change was being made; and this seems to me the best procedure for the many changes of scene in this opera. It worked with old scenery; it would work with scenery that combined certain permanent constructions with quickly changed backdrops and other elements which would identify the different scenes.

Recently someone who conducted at Covent Garden when the original Musorgsky "Boris Godunov" was given there three or four years ago told me it attracted such small audiences that the Rimsky-Korsakov version was substituted. He contended that in this way the public had been induced to accept a great work it had refused to listen to before; and he found it difficult to understand that this was as though the public hadn't liked an El Greco painting and the museum had had it prettied up by another painter and then contended that in this way it had got the public to like the great painting it had disliked before—to understand, that is, that what Covent Garden had got the public to accept was no more Musorgsky's great work than the prettied-up painting would be El Greco's. After this experience I can forgive a lot of recent Metropolitan aberrations for the intelligence that has given us the original Musorgsky "Boris," whose great second and fourth acts triumph over the poor staging and ineffective conducting.

Those recent aberrations of the Metropolitan were limited to silly bright ideas in scenery and direction, and to the consequences of Mr. John Gutman's idea that the Metropolitan operates to provide occasions for him to exercise his gift for languages (I read with relief that although "certain people" at the Metropolitan think the new "Barber of Seville" should have been sung in English it will be sung in Italian). But now there is an alarming report of a major aberration in repertory: that the Metropolitan not only will revive Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" next year but will squander on this rubbish the money for a new production that it would not spend on "Boris Godunov."

Letters

[*Continued from inside front cover*]

purpose of making it possible to impose the death penalty upon him in event that he committed an offense under Section 4,500. . . . This is not the kind of process that comports with "the deepest notions of what is fair and right and just." It may be appropriately characterized as "overzealousness in an attempt to reach through the criminal process, and indeed to destroy, those whom we may regard as undesirable citizens."

In the second place, the trial judge excluded the medical and psychiatric testimony which was Wells's only defense. Two days before he threw the cuspidor, the prison doctor, making his customary rounds, saw Wells in the dungeon, was impressed by his abnormal state, and had him come to the prison hospital to be examined by the doctor himself and the prison psychiatrist. Both doctors concluded that Wells was suffering from a "state of tension."

All seven of the California Supreme Court justices ruled that the medical testimony should have been admitted. They also held that the crucial question was whether throwing the cuspidor was done "with malice aforethought." Though Wells was not permitted to introduce the key evidence—on his state of mind and his intent when he threw the cuspidor—the prosecution was permitted to introduce Wells's entire prison record.

Justice Edmonds, one of the three justices who voted against the death penalty, stated as the essential point:

> The refusal to admit such evidence allows one to be convicted of the crime . . . without the proof of the requisite mental intent . . . and constitutes a denial of due process of law. . . . The ruling necessarily constitutes a miscarriage of justice.

How important the excluded testimony was may be judged by the fact that two of the trial jurors subsequently submitted affidavits acknowledging that they would have voted for Wells's acquittal had the evidence been admitted.

The issue in this case goes to the roots of democratic government. Wells has been denied his constitutional rights. If this can be done to a Negro prisoner it can also be done to a law-abiding Negro or a law-abiding white.

The United States Supreme Court has refused to review the case. Only Governor Goodwin Knight, exercising executive clemency, can save Wells from death.

WILLARD HARPER

Los Angeles

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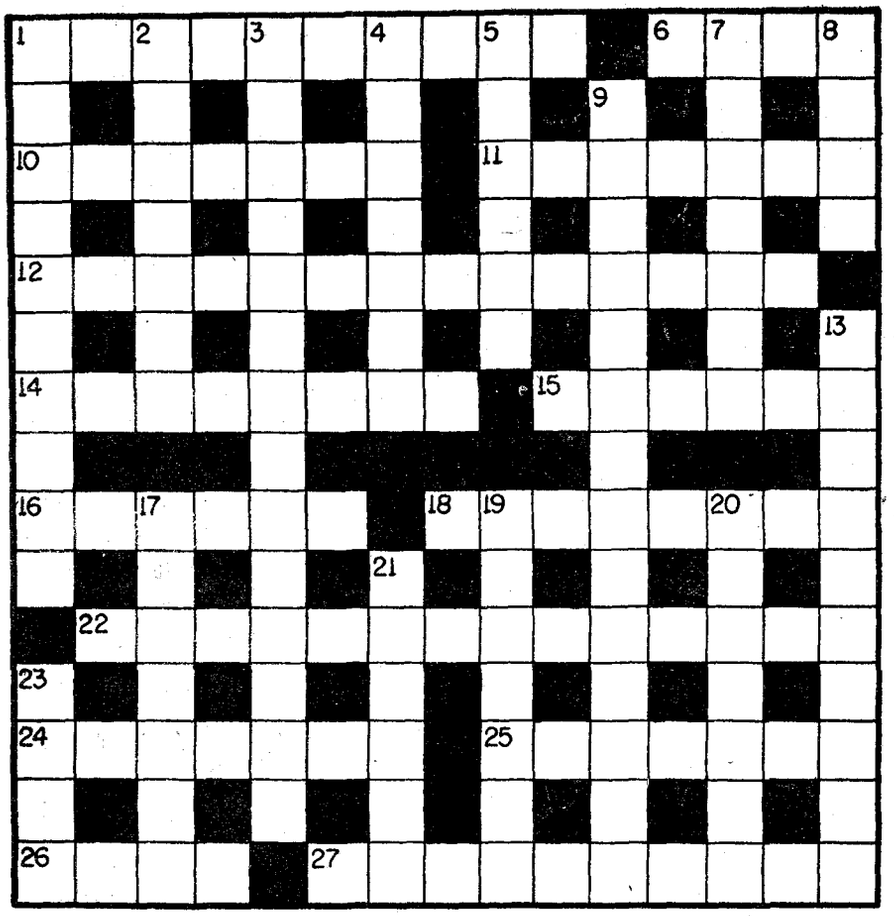
Crossword Puzzle No. 556

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The ones which were too little to be reversions? (10)
6 Goes wrong. (Due to selfish qualities, no doubt.) (4)
10 Don't bother the appearance of the specter! (7)
11 Useful when securing a propeller? (7)
12 You just can't figure such things out! (14)
14 One of the two types of people who blow through life like a breeze, according to Ogden Nash. (8)
15 A woman counselor who brings back years full of wrath. (6)
16 Zero difference between the smallest and largest fruit. (6)
18 Such a man should be *very* full, according to Bacon! (4–4)
22 Not breaking a date, exactly, but it might lead to this. (14)
24 "The fly that sips _____ is lost in the sweets." (*Beggar's Opera*) (7)
25 Cupid has one on. (Other things are worn with it, as well.) (7)
26 They rise with the 23, no matter when it sets. (4)
27 Some people think we're all born like this. (10)

DOWN

1 The sailor and the chief seem to be putting on weight! (10)
2 Lives of things that take days to make. (7)
3 It might seem like a struggle to twist a fish with one's counterpart. (9, 5)
4 Ate around the edges of 23. (7)
5 Is a nail O. K. to use in the composition of clay? (6)
7 Rushed in the old days to carry the beer. (7)
8 The purpose of beverage? (4)
9 Theodolite measurements lead to these, and to a lasting ruin. (14)
13 An apprentice rises, but would be heels over head with them. (10)
17 Mental disorder surrounding the ego, as a support. (7)
19 The pig energetically turns up something on the surface of the earth.
20 and 23. Venus, most likely. (7, 4)
21 Spite. (6)
23 See 20 down.

—o—

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 555

ACROSS:—1 BARGAIN COUNTER; 9 ILLNESS; 10 EMOTION; 11 DACTYL; 14 SHEARED; 15 and 12 BASIC TRAINING; 17 and 24 SCAREHEAD; 19 HANDSAW; 21 BELLHOPS; 23 REECHO; 25 FAVORED; 26 EDIFIED; 27 BARMECIDE FEAST.

DOWN:—1 and 21 BLIND MAN'S BUFF; 2 RELICTS; 3 ACETYLENE; 4 NOSE; 5 OVERRIDING; 6 NAOMI; 7 ELIXIRS; 8 SNUG; 13 ORTHOPEDIC; 15 BAS-RELIEF; 16 CONCORDAT; 18 ALLUVIA; 20 WICHITA; 22 HARUM.

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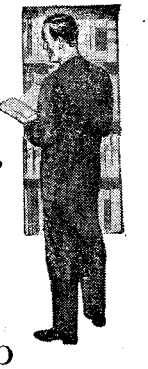

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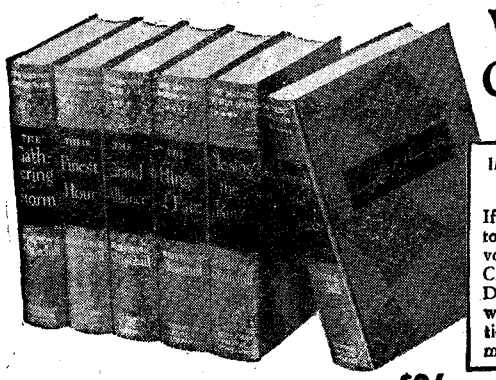

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